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The Tea-Table Miscellany

VOLUME FIRST

The Tea-Table Miscellany

A COLLECTION

OF

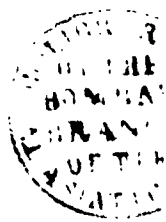
Choice Songs

SCOTS & ENGLISH

By ALLAN RAMSAY

46928 ae.

Reprinted from the Fourteenth Edition



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME FIRST

LL c 26

Glasgow

JOHN CRUM, ST. VINCENT STREET

1871

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DEDICATION.

To ilka lovely BRITISH *laſs,*
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, *and* Jean,
Down to ilk bonny ſinging Beſs,
Wha dances barefoot on the green.

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR moſt humble ſlave,
Wha ne'er to ſerve you ſhall decline,
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,
When he preſents this ſma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive it with your tunefu' notes:
Its beauties will look ſweet and fair,
Ariſing ſaftly through your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a ſparkling eye,
The ſpinet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
Or claſhes ſtay the lazy laſs;
Thir ſangs may ward you frae the ſour,
And gaily vacant minutes paſs.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' ſound,
Syne ſafely ſip when ye have ſung.

May happineſs had up your hearts,
And warm you lang with loving fires:
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your deſires.

A. RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH, Jan. 1,
1724.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH it be acknowledged that our SCOTS tunes have not lengthened variety of muſic, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural ſweetneſs, that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourſelves, but in other countries. They are, for the moſt part, ſo chearful, that, on hearing them well played, or ſung, we find a difficulty to keep ourſelves from dancing. What further adds to the eſteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and their being univerſally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this reaſon; but will not, when we conſider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or inſtrumental muſic, there are fifty that content themſelves with the pleaſure of hearing, and ſinging without the trouble of being taught. Now, ſuch are not judges of the fine flouriſhes of new muſic

imported from *Italy* and elſewhere, yet will liſten with pleaſure to tunes that they know, and can join with in the chorus. Say that our way is only an harmonious ſpeaking of merry, witty, or ſoft thoughts, after the poet has dreſſed them in four or five ſtanzas; yet undoubtedly theſe muſt reliſh beſt with people who have not beſtowed much of their time in acquiring a taſte for that downright perfect muſic, which requires none, or very little of the poet's aſſiſtance.

My being well aſſured how acceptable new words to known tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verſes for above ſixty of them, in this and the ſecond volume: about thirty more were done by ſome ingenious young gentlemen, who were ſo well pleaſed with my undertaking, that they generouſly lent me their aſſiſtance; and to them the lovers of ſenſe and muſic are obliged for ſome of the beſt ſongs in the collection. The reſt are ſuch old verſes as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from

the drofs of blundering tranfcribers and printers; fuch as, *The Gaberlunzieman*, *Muirland Willy*, &c., that claim their place in our collection for their merry images of the low character.

THIS fourteenth edition, in a few years, and the general demand for the book by perfons of all ranks, where-ever our language is underftood, is a fure evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy friend Dr. *Bannerman* tells me from *America*,

Nor only do your lays o'er Britain *flow*,
Round all the globe your happy fonnets go;
Here thy foft verfe, made to a Scottifh *air*,
Are often fung by our Virginian *fair.*
Camilla's *warbling notes are heard no more,*
But yield to Laft time I came o'er the moor;
Hydafpes *and* Rinaldo *both give way*
To Mary Scott, Tweedfide, *and* Mary Gray.

FROM this and the following volume, Mr. *Thomfon* (who is allowed by all to be a good teacher and finger of *Scots* fongs) culled his *Orpheus Caledonius*, the mufic for both the voice and flute, and the words of the fongs finely engraven in a folio

book, for the uſe of perſons of the higheſt quality in *Britain*, and dedicated to the late Queen. This, by the bye, I thought proper to intimate, and do myſelf that juſtice which the publiſher neglected; ſince he ought to have acquainted his illuſtrious liſt of ſubſcribers, that the moſt of the ſongs were mine, the muſic abſtracted.

In my compoſitions and collections, I have kept out all ſmut and ribaldry, that the modeſt voice and ear of the fair ſinger might meet with no affront; the chief bent of all my ſtudies being to gain their good graces; and it ſhall always be my care to ward off thoſe frowns that would prove mortal to my muſe.

Now, little books, go your ways; be aſſured of favourable reception, where-ever the ſun ſhines on the free-born chearful *Briton;* ſteal yourſelves into the ladies' boſoms. Happy volumes! you are to live too as long as the ſong of *Homer* in *Greek* and *Engliſh*, and mix your aſhes only with the odes of *Horace*. Were it but my fate,

when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmoſt limits of time, after a thouſand editions? Happy volumes! you are ſecure; but I muſt yield, pleaſe the ladies, and take care of my fame.

In hopes of this, fearleſs of coming age,
I'll ſmile thro' life; and when for rhyme renown'd,
I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy ſtage,
And ſleep beneath a flow'ry turf full found.

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Beginning with the firſt line of every SONG.

The SONGS marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c., are new words by different hands; X, the authors unknown; Z, old ſongs; Q, old ſongs with additions.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

CHOICE SONGS

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green!
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry:
Painting and order pleaſe our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But fineſt colours, fruits, and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their charms, and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of Chriſty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting?
But if my Chriſty tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ecſtaſies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman:

But, dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chriſty did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But ere he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her:
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chriſty! —— witneſs, bonny ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a dream;
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wiſhes,
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

The Buſh aboon TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry ſwain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny buſh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.

I try'd to ſooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſſ'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhows diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
Its ſweets I'll ay remember,
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me!
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
My paſſion no more tender.
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander. C.

An ODE.

Tune—*Polwart on the Green.*

THO' beauty, like the roſe
That ſmiles on Polwart green,
In various colours ſhows,
As 'tis by fancy ſeen:
Yet all its diff'rent glories ly,
United in thy face,
And virtue, like the ſun on high,
Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her mind,
That to ſome angel's care
Each motion ſeems aſſign'd:
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly,
As if for wings they ſtole the ray
She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With tuneful voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her breath and ſmile,
And wave their balmy wings:
But as the tender bluſhes riſe,
Soft innocence doth warm,
The ſoul in bliſsful eccſtaſies
Diſſolveth in the charm.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird, and ſweet-cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not 'tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

SONG.

Tune—*Wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

IS Hamilla then my own?
O! the dear, the charming treaſure:
Fortune now in vain ſhall frown;
All my future life is pleaſure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
Smiling heav'n is in her face,
All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms ariſe,
Roſy ſmiles, and kindling bluſhes;
Love ſits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her ſecret wiſhes.

Haſte then from the Idalian grove,
Infant ſmiles, and ſports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your ſweet embraces.

Softeſt raptures, pure from noiſe,
This fair happy night ſurround us;
While a thouſand ſprightly joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unſour'd with care or ſtrife,
Heav'n ſtill guard this deareſt bleſſing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving ſtill, and ſtill poſſeſſing. S.

SONG.

LET'S be jovial, fill our glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by aſſes,
And the wiſe are ſway'd by chink.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain cares oppreſs us,
Riches are to them a ſnare,
We're ev'ry one as rich as Croeſus,
While our bottle drowns our care.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine will make us red as roſes,
And our ſorrows quite forget:
Come let us fuddle all our noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of debt.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
We are toping at our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus:
Death, be gone, here's none but ſouls.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling death away ſhall fly,
Ever after underſtanding,
Drinking ſouls can never die.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how
Young muirland Willie came to woo,
Though he could neither ſay nor do,
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
Maggy I'ſe ha'e to be my bride.
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
With durk and piſtol by his ſide,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
Out o'er yon moſs, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within?
I'm come your doughter's love to win,
I care na for making meikle din;
What anſwer gi'e ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town?
I think my doughter winna gloom
On ſic a lad as ye.

Thé wooer he ſtept up the houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe.
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owſen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough;
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh:
I ſcorn to tell a lie.
Beſides, I ha'e frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he ſtended up in haſte,
And gript her hard about the waſte.
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear;
And for myſell you need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and ſpat in his chow,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou'.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden bluſhed, and bing'd fu' la',
She had na will to ſay him na,
But to her daddy ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he gae her the tither kiſs,
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na ſay me na,
But to yourſell ſhe has left it a',
As we could 'gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?

Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,
But ſic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle.
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three ſoums of ſheep, twa good milk ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;
Troth I dow do na mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't;
I'm far frae hame, make haſte let's do't.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to paſs,
With mony a blythſome lad and laſs;
But ſicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome couple ſtraked hands,
Meſs John ty'd up the marriage bands.
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our ladſes' een.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and ſic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met.
With a fal, dal, &c. Z.

The PROMIS'D JOY.

Tune—*Carl an the King come.*

WHEN we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loſs refult in gain, Phely.

Long the ſport of fortune driv'n,
To deſpair our thoughts were giv'n,
Our odds will all be ev'n, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary diſtant groves,
Though we moan like turtle-doves,
Suff'ring beſt our virtue proves,
And will enhance our loves, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a ſurpriſe,
Till its happy hour ariſe;
Temper well your love-ſick ſighs,
For hope becomes the wife, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loſs refult in gain, Phely.

To DELIA, on her drawing him to her Valentine.

Tune—*Black-ey'd Sufan.*

YE powers! was Damon then ſo bleſt,
To fall to charming Delia's ſhare;
Delia, the beauteous maid, poſſeſt
Of all that's ſoft, and all that's fair?

Here ceaſe thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n!
I aſk no more, for all my wiſh is giv'n.

I came, and Delia ſmiling ſhow'd,
She ſmil'd, and ſhow'd the happy name;
With riſing joy my heart o'erflow'd,
I felt, and bleſt the new-born flame.
May ſofteſt pleaſures careleſs round her move,
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treaſure from her breaſt,
That breaſt where love and graces play,
O name beyond expreſſion bleſt!
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be ſo lodg'd! the thought is ecſtaſy,
Who would not wiſh in paradiſe to ly? R.

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

Tune—*Auld lang ſyne.*

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And ſporting lambkins play,
When ſpangl'd fields renew'd appear,
And muſic wak'd the day;
Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay;
Warm'd by my love, ſhe vow'd no pow'r
Shou'd lead her heart aſtray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art beſtow,
To give us change of ſongs:
Scenes of delight my ſoul poſſeſs'd,
I bleſs'd, then hugg'd my maid;
I robb'd the kiſſes from her breaſt,
Sweet as a noon-day's ſhade.

Joy tranſporting never fails
To fly away as air,
Another ſwain with her prevails
To be as falſe as fair.
What can my fatal paſſion cure?
I'll never woo again;
All her diſdain I muſt endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus ſighing with his pain;
But time and ſcorn may give him joy,
To hear her ſigh again.
Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,
Do not thyſelf beguile,
A faithful lover ſhould be priz'd,
Then cure him with a ſmile.

To Mrs. S. H. on her taking ſomething ill I ſaid.

Tune—*Hallow ev'n.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beauteous heav'n ere while ſerene?
Whence do theſe ſtorms and tempeſts flow,
Or what this guſt of paſſion mean?
And muſt then mankind loſe that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to ſhine,
And ly obſcure in endleſs night,
For each poor ſilly ſpeech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd, at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:

Or if I durſt profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t' enſnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas, with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure;
Or who muſt not reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch power is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy heaven,
Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itſelf appeas'd beſtows,
As the reward of penitence. H.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to ſee
The ſwain come o'er the hill!
He ſkipt the burn and flew to me:
I met him with good will.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſae ſweet,
The burds ſtood liſt'ning by:
E'en the dull cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play;
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' ne'er ſo rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I ſhould baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He ſtaw my heart: Cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie and my little kit
That held my wee ſoup whey
My plaidy, broach, and crooked ſtick,
May now ly uſeleſs by,
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' pleaſures there;
Ye gods, reſtore me to my ſwain,
Is a' I crave or care.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes. S. R.

To Chloe.

Tune—*I wiſh my love were in a Mire.*

O LOVELY maid, how dear's thy pow'r?
At once I love, at once adore:
With wonder are my thoughts poſſeſt,
While ſofteſt love inſpires my breaſt.
This tender look, theſe eyes of mine,
Confeſs their am'rous maſter thine;
Theſe eyes with Strephon's paſſion play,
Firſt make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
In thee I've treaſur'd up my joy,
Thou canſt give bliſs, or bliſs deſtroy:
And thus I've bound myſelf to love,
While bliſs or miſery can move.

O ſhould I ne'er poſſeſs thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But, like ſome diſcontented ſhade
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair. L.

Upon hearing his picture was in Chloe's breaſt.

Tune—*The fourteen of* October.

YE gods! was Strephon's picture bleſt
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breaſt?

Move ſofter, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brighteſt of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliſs deſign'd?
For Strephon's ſake, dear charming maid,
Didſt thou prefer his wand'ring ſhade?

And thou, bleſt ſhade, that ſweetly art
Lodged ſo near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched maſter's ardent pray'r,
Ingroſſing all that beauteous heav'n,
That Chloe, laviſh maid, has giv'n.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord
Of all the wealth thoſe breaſts afford,
I'd be a miſer too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh ſmile not thus, my lovely fair,
On theſe cold looks, that lifeleſs are;
Prize him whoſe boſom glows with fire,
With eager love and ſoft deſire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O pow'rful maid,
To life can bring the ſilent ſhade:
Thou canſt *ſurpaſs the painter's art,*
And real warmth and *flames impart.*
But oh! *it ne'er can love like me,*
I've ever lov'd, *and lov'd but thee:*
Then, charmer, *grant my fond requeſt,*
Say thou canſt love, and make me bleſs'd.

SONG for a SERENADE.

Tune—*The broom of Cowdenknows.*

TEACH me, Chloe, how to prove
My boaſted flame ſincere;
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain diſplays her charms,
To bribe my ſoul to reſt,
Vainly ſpreads her ſilken arms,
And courts me to her breaſt.

Where can Strephon find repoſe,
If Chloe is not there?
For ah! no peace his boſom knows,
When abſent from the fair.

What tho' Phœbus from on high
With-holds his chearful ray,
Thine eyes can well his light ſupply,
And give me more than day. L.

Love is the cauſe of my mourning.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye nymphs, I oftimes heard her ſay,
Tell Strephon I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.
Falſe ſhepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon! the cauſe of my mourning.

But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
Down to the ſhades below,
Ere ye let Strephon know
That I have lov'd him ſo:
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow
That love was the cauſe of my mourning.

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſed when Strephon came by;
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, Oh heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the cauſe of my mourning.
Reſtore me my Chloris, ye nymphs uſe your art.
They ſighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.
Ah then, is Chloris dead,
Wounded by me? he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
Down to the ſilent ſhade,
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning. X.

To Mrs. A. H. on ſeeing her at a concert.

Tune—*The bonnieſt laſs in a' the warld.*

LOOK where my dear Hamilla ſmiles,
Hamilla! heav'nly charmer;
See how, with all their arts and wiles,
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A bluſh dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair ſeats of youthful pleaſures,
There love in ſmiling language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads his roſy treaſures.

O faireſt maid, I own thy pow'r,
I gaze, I ſigh, and languiſh,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguiſh.
But eaſe, O charmer, eaſe my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou are faireſt of the fair,
So I the deareſt love thee. 2. C.

The Bonny Scot.

Tune—*The boat-man.*

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot—man:
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat—man,
Ere I cou'd for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny Scot—man.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Who pants to preſs thy ba'my mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

SCORNFU' NANSY.

To its own Tune.

NANSY's to the Greenwood gane,
To hear the gowdſpink chatt'ring,
And Willie he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny or my aunty?
With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and ranty-tanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped ſtocks fou butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha' houſe and a pantry:

A good blew bonnet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his cragy;
And ay until the day he dy'd,
He rade on good ſhanks naggy.

Now wae and wander on your ſnout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nanſy?
Wad ye compare yourſell to me,
A docken till a tanſie?
I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is ſweet like ſugar-candy.

Wow, Nanſy, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
Was Rob the beggar randy:
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me your winſome Willy?

My gutcher left a good braid-ſword,
Though it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.

Then Nanſy turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a clout;
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae had your tongue and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get Nanſy. Z.

SLIGHTED NANSY.

Tune—*The kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have ſeven braw new gowns,
And ither ſeven better to mak,
And yet for a' my new gowns,
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Beſides, I have ſeven milk-ky,
And Sandy he has but three;
And yet for a' my good ky,
The laddie winna ha'e me.

My daddy's a delver of dikes,
My mither can card and ſpin,
And I am a fine fodgel laſs,
And the ſiller comes linkin in,
The ſiller comes linkin in,
And it is fou fair to ſee,
And fifty times wow! O wow!
What ails the lads at me?

When ever our Baty does bark,
Then faſt to the door I rin,
To ſee gin ony young ſpark
Will light and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far ben the houſe I rin;
And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my firſt pray'rs,
I pray'd but anes i' the year,
I wiſh'd for a handſome young lad,
And a lad with muckle gear.
When I was at my neiſt pray'rs,
I pray'd but now and than,
I faſh'd na my head about gear,
If I got a handſome young man.

Now when I'm at my laſt pray'rs,
I pray on baith night and day,
And O! if a beggar wad come,
With that ſame beggar I'd gae.
And O! and what'll come o' me!
And O! and what'll I do?
That ſic a braw laſſie as I
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

LUCKY NANSY.

Tune—*Dainty Davie.*

WHILE fops in ſaft Italian verſe,
Ilk fair ane's een and breaſt rehearſe,
While ſangs abound and ſenſe is ſcarce,
Theſe lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid ſhall appear,
And yet with theſe fine ſounds I ſwear
The maidens are delited.

I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nanſy, lucky Nanſy,
Auld ſprings wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor ſnaw with crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my laſſie's cheeks;
And ſyne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch na ſimile frae Jove,
My height of ecſtaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing—thus—preſent my love
With roſes eke and lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But ſtay,—I had amaiſt forgot
My miſtreſs and my ſang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wat;
  But Nanſy, 'tis nae matter.
Ye ſee I clink my verſe wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how ſweet my numbers chyme,
  And ſlide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my rev'rend ſonſy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half-ſhut een and hodling air,
  Are a' my paſſion's ſewel.
Nae ſkyring gowk, my dear, can ſee,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou haſt charms anew for me,
  Then ſmile, and be na cruel.

Leez me on thy ſnawy pow,
Lucky Nanſy, lucky Nanſy,
Dryeſt wood will eitheſt low,
And, Nanſy, ſae will ye now.

Troth I have ſung the ſang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
  Dear venerable Nanſy.
But if the warld my paſſion wrang,
And ſay ye only live in ſang,
Ken I deſpiſe a ſland'ring tongue,
  And ſing to pleaſe my fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

Q.

A Scots Cantata.

The tune after an Italian manner.

Compoſed by Signor Lorenzo Bocchi.

Recitative.

BLATE Jonny faintly tald fair Jean his mind;
Jeany took pleaſure to deny him lang;
He thought her ſcorn came frae her heart unkind,
Which gart him in deſpair tune up this ſang.

Air.

O bonny laſſie, ſince 'tis ſae,
That I'm deſpis'd by thee,
I hate to live, but O I'm wae,
And unco ſweer to die.
Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
I thole by your diſdain:
Ah! ſhould a breaſt ſae ſaft as yours,
Contain a heart of ſtane?

Recitative.

Theſe tender notes did a' her pity move,
With melting heart ſhe liſt'ned to the boy;
O'ercome ſhe ſmil'd, and promis'd him her love:
He in return thus ſang his riſing joy.

Air.

Hence frae my breaſt, contentious care,
Ye've tint the pow'r to pine;
My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
And a' her ſweets are mine.
O ſpread thine arms, and gi'e me ſowth
Of dear inchanting bliſs,
A thouſand joys around thy mouth
Gi'e heav'n with ilka kiſs.

The TOAST.

Tune—*Saw ye my Peggy?*

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loves nae dwining,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull—Here t'ye, Sir;
Ye'er miſtreſs, Robie, gi'es her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleaſure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a laſs can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is ſhe to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wiſh ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed ſaw her
Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty laſs is,
Come let's join our glaſſes,
And refreſh our hauſes
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their caſh be clinking,
Be ſtateſmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking,
Give our cares the lie.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

To its ain tune.

THE meal was dear ſhort ſyne,
We buckl'd us a' the gither;
And Maggie was in her prime,
When Willie made courtſhip till her:

Twa piſtals charg'd beguefs,
To gie the courting ſhot;
And ſyne came ben the laſs
Wi' ſwats drawn frae the but.
He firſt ſpeer'd at the guidman,
And ſyne at Giles the mither,
An ye wad gi's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye ſhall ha'e,
I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife by my ſae,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it ſall be good,
There's nane ſall ha'e its maik,
The laſs bound in her ſnood,
And Crummie wha kens her ſtake:
With an auld bedden o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye ſpeak right well, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modeſty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither,
A houſe is butt and benn,
And Crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We have nouther pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,
Twa good ſtilts to the pleugh,
And ye your ſell maun ſteer:

Ye ſhall ha'e twa good pocks
That anes were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to had the grots,
The ither to had the meal:
With an auld kiſt made of wands,
And that ſall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may had your tocher.

Conſider well, guidman,
We ha'e but borrow'd gear,
The horſe that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilſon's mare:
The ſaddle's nane o' my ain,
An thae's but borrow'd boots;
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun tak to my coots:
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look ſae crouſe;
Come fill us a cogue of ſwats,
We'll mak na mair toom ruſe.

I like you well, young lad,
For telling me ſae plain,
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
But ſin that things are ſae,
The bride ſhe maun come furth,
Tho' a' the gear ſhe'll hae,
It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
Fy, cry on Giles the mither:
Content am I, quo' ſhe,
E'en gar the hiſſie come hither.
The bride ſhe gade till her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her;
The fiddler crap in at the fit,
An' they cuddl'd it a' the gither. Z.

SONG.

Tune—*Blink over the burn, ſweet* BETTY.

LEAVE kindred and friends, ſweet Betty,
Leave kindred and friends for me:
Aſſur'd thy ſervant is ſteady
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature and fortune
May fly by chance as they came;
They're grounds the deſtinies ſport on,
But virtue is ever the ſame.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Thy charms ſo heavenly appear,
That other beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my dear.
And ſhou'd life's ſorrows embitter
The pleaſure we promis'd our loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder, like doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my love in my arms!
By thee to be graſp'd! and kiſſed!
And live on thy heaven of charms;
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Shou'd fortune capricious prove;
Tho' death ſhou'd tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love. M.

SONG.

Tune—*The bonny grey-ey'd morning.*

CELESTIAL muſes, tune your lyres,
Grace all my raptures with your lays,
Charming, inchanting Kate inſpires,
In lofty ſounds her beauties praiſe:

How undeſigning ſhe diſplays
Such ſcenes as raviſh with delight;
Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
They dazzle not, but pleaſe the ſight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,
I neither will, nor can her harm;
I would but gently touch her heart,
And try for once if that cou'd charm.
Go, Venus, uſe your fav'rite wile,
As ſhe is beauteous, make her kind,
Let all your graces round her ſmile,
And ſooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
And all my anxious cares remov'd,
In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
With what pure laſting flames I lov'd.
Then ſhall alternate life and death
My raviſh'd flutt'ring ſoul poſſeſs,
The ſofteſt tend'reſt things I'll breathe
Betwixt each am'rous fond careſs. O.

SONG.

Tune—*The broom of Cowdenknows.*

SUBJECTED to the power of love
By Nell's reſiſtleſs charms,
The fancy fix'd, no more can rove,
Or fly ſoft love's alarms.

Gay Damon had the ſkill to ſhun
All traps by Cupid laid,
Until his freedom was undone
By Nell the conquering maid.

But who can ſtand the force of love,
When ſhe reſolves to kill?
Her ſparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
And wound us with our will.

O happy Damon, happy fair,
What Cupid has begun,
May faithful Hymen take a care
To ſee it fairly done. G.

SONG.

Tune—*Logan water.*

Vitas hinnuleo me ſimilis, Chloe.

TELL me, Hamilla, tell me why
Thou doſt from him that loves thee run?
Why from his ſoft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments ſhun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppreſs'd,
Seeking its mother ev'ry where,
It ſtarts at evr'y empty blaſt,
And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face,
Not with a hateful ſtep purſue,
As age to rifle every grace.

Ceaſe, then, dear wildneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all rivals to outſhine,
And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
Leave mamma's arms, and come to mine. W.

A South-Sea Sang.

Tune—*For our lang biding here.*

WHEN we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In riſing ſtocks to buy a ſkair:
We daftly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin paid right dear;
The lave will fare the war in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purſes toom,
And dainty ſtocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
Girn'd at ſtockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the South-Sea houſe,
The whilly wha's will grip your gear,
Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

Hap me with thy petticoat.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I paſs the day in pain;
When night returns, I feel the ſmart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm:
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Deluſive dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my arms.

But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that's due to love,
And let true paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let compaſſion ſeize
That lovely breaſt of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to ſlight,
By hind'ring the deſign.
May all the pow'rs of love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

LOVE INVITING REASON.

A SONG, Tune of—*Cha mi ma chattle, na duſkar mi.*

WHEN innocent paſtime our pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
Ere Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was ſhe!
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;—
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy Jamie, wha dotes upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the ſpleen?
Can tining of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears from theſe een,
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

Ah! ſhou'd a new manto or Flanders lace head,
Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer ye'er fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true lover that dotes upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sany,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at theſe beniſons promis'd to me?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
Ere ſquirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
To rival my love, and impoſe upon thee.
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' Annie,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The BOB of DUMBLANE.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainneſs, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane.*
Haſte ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,
Buſk ye braw, and dinna think ſhame;
Conſider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane.*

Be frank, my laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again.
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did na accept the *Bob of Dumblane.*
The dinner, the piper, and prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane;
Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,
And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane.*

SONG complaining of abſence.

Tune—*My apron, deary.*

AH Chloe! thou treaſure, thou joy of my breaſt,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a ſtranger to reſt;
I fly to the grove, there to languiſh and mourn,
There ſigh for my charmer, and long to return;
The fields all around me are ſmiling and gay,
But they ſmile all in vain—my Chloe's away;
The field and the grove can afford me no eaſe,—
But bring me my Chloe, a deſert will pleaſe.

No virgin I ſee that my boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, tho' glowing with charms,
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the eye;
Theſe are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.

Theſe looks, where bright love, like the ſun ſits enthron'd,
And ſmiling diffuſes his influence round;
'Twas thus I firſt view'd thee, my charmer amaz'd,
Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was ſtill in my ſight,
It was pleaſure all day, it was rapture all night;
But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
In ſecret I languiſh, a prey to deſpair;
But abſence and torment abate not my flame,
My Chloe's ſtill charming, my paſſion the ſame;
O! would ſhe preſerve me a place in her breaſt,
Then abſence would pleaſe me, for I would be bleſs'd.

R.

SONG.

Tune—*I fix'd my fancy on her.*

BRIGHT Cynthia's power divinely great,
What heart is not obeying?
A thouſand Cupids on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.
She ſeems the queen of love to reign;
For ſhe alone diſpenſes
Such ſweets as beſt can entertain
The guſt of all the ſenſes.

Her face a charming proſpect brings,
Her breath gives balmy bliſſes;
I hear an angel when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of heaven in kiſſes.
Four ſenſes thus ſhe feaſts with joy,
From nature's richeſt treaſure:
Let me the other ſenſe employ,
And I ſhall die with pleaſure.

X.

SONG.

Tune—*I loo'd a bony lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never eaſe my pain?
Muſt I die for ev'ry feature?
Muſt I always love in vain?
The deſire of admiration
Is the pleaſure you purſue;
Pray thee try a laſting paſſion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and ſighing could not move you;
For a lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy ways beſeeming?
Will my dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the joy of women,
Let their ſlaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my deſp'rate thoughts increaſe;
Pray conſider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover leſs.
If your wand'ring heart is beating,
For new lovers let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

THE REPLY.

IN vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can Flavia do?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppreſs thoſe ſighs, and weep no more;
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, ſince any power,
To crown thy love, muſt alter mine.

But if revenge can eaſe thy pain,
I'll ſooth the ills I cannot cure;
Tell that I drag a hopeleſs chain,
And all that I inflict endure. X.

The Rose in Yarrow.

Tune—*Mary Scott.*

'TWAS ſummer, and the day was fair,
Reſolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting ſorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow;
Till then deſpiſing beauty's power,
I kept my heart, my own ſecure;
But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
And Mary's charms do now enſlave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
No ranſom take for Mary's ſlave?
Her frowns of reſt and hope deprive me;
Her lovely ſmiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since firſt I ſaw this charming fair:
This beauteous flower, this roſe of Yarrow,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one requeſt,
I'd aſk to ly in Mary's breaſt;
There would I live or die with pleaſure,
Nor ſpare this world one moment's leiſure;

Deſpiſing kings, and all that's great,
I'd ſmile at courts, and courtier's fate;
My joy complete on ſuch a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' ſuch bliſs I ne'er ſhould gain,
Contented ſtill I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts diſtract a lover's mind?
That breaſt, all ſoftneſs, muſt prove kind;
And ſhe ſhall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous roſe of Yarrow. C.

The FAIR PENITENT.

A SONG.—*To its ain tune.*

A LOVELY laſs to a friar came
To confeſs in a morning early,
In what, my dear, art thou to blame?
Come own it all ſincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greateſt fault in myſelf I know,
Is what I now diſcover.
Then you to Rome for that muſt go,
There diſcipline to ſuffer.
Lake-a-day, Sir! if it muſt be ſo,
Pray with me ſend my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt failing.
I muſt own, Sir, tho' I bluſh for ſhame,
That your penance is prevailing. X.

The laſt time I came o'er the Moor.

THE laſt time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me.
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me;
Then Hymen's ſacred bands ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom,
There, while my being doth remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

The Laſs of Peaty's Mill.

THE laſs of Peaty's Mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
Hath ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand.
Through all my ſpirits ran
An ecſtaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Peaty's Mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who ſkiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear Delia take a care,
And repreſent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, juſtice, love, and truth;
Till I return, her paſſions ſooth,
For me in whiſpers move her.

Be careful no baſe ſordid ſlave,
With ſoul ſunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to ſave,
With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her, for me ſhe was deſigned,
For me, who know how to be kind,
And have mair plenty in my mind,
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upſide down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In queſt of what can ne'er be found,
To pleaſe their vain ambition:
Let little minds great charms eſpy,
In ſhadows which at diſtance ly,
Whoſe hop'd-for pleaſure, when come nigh,
Prove nothing in fruition.

But caſt into a mold divine,
Fair Delia does with luſtre ſhine,
Her virtuous ſoul's an ample mine,
Which yields a conſtant treaſure.
Let poets in ſublimeſt lays,
Employ their ſkill her fame to raiſe;
Let ſons of muſic paſs whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds to pleaſe her.

The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain;
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſylvans and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud air:
But Suſie was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth:
But Suſie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four:
Then, ſighing, he wiſhed, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet Suſie his miſtreſs might be.

NANNY—O.

WHILE ſome for pleaſure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
I'll ſave myſelf, and without ſtealth,
Kiſs and careſs my Nanny—O.
She bids more fair t' engage a Jove
Than Leda did or Danae—O.
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but Nanny—O.

How joyfully my ſpirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely—O;
I gueſs what heaven is by her eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely—O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breathe in the bleſs'd Britannia,
None's happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
My lovely, charming Nanny—O.
I care not tho' the world know
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE'S goddeſs in a myrtle grove,
Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
For Jeany's haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with divine art,
From Paphos ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes Willie's kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhow no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
While ev'ry day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny Jean.

A thouſand tranſports croud his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny Jean.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen,
With breaking day, he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

Throw the Wood, Laddie.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy preſence could eaſe me,
When naething can pleaſe me;
Now dowie I ſigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander myſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſt here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing, and play.

Down the Burn, Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laughed in her eye;
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I ſhall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this burn-ſide,
And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were roſy, red, and white,
Her e'en were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they ſaid!
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her boſom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And naething ſure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a wawk ſae ſweet;
And that they aften ſhou'd return
Sic pleaſure to renew.
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And ay ſhall follow you. C.

SONG.

Tune—*Guilder Roy.*

AH! Chloris, cou'd I now but ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happineſs nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Wou'd take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſt;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart:
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;—
To make a beauty, ſhe.

SONG.

Tune—*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

YE ſhepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your ſports, and attend to my ſtrain;
Amongſt all your number a lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch bliſs in his view.

Was ever a nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine;
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly reſigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
She ſmiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my ſighs;
A boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an air,
Inſpires me with hope, and yet bids me deſpair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:
Her anſwer confounds, while her manner endears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bleſs her in ſpite of my grief.

By night, while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with care,
I ſtart up in anguiſh, and ſigh for the fair:
The fair ſleeps in peace, may ſhe ever do ſo!
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a diſtance, nor farther aſpire;
Nor think ſhe ſhou'd love, whom ſhe cannot admire;
Huſh all thy complaining, and dying her ſlave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyſelf to the grave.

SONG.

Tune—*When ſhe came ben ſhe bobbed.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noiſe;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleaſures of love,
And I find they're but nonſenſe and whimſies, by Jove.

When firſt of all Betty and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and ſhe ſigh'd like a ſaint:
But I found her *religion*, her *face*, and her *love*,
Were *hypocriſy*, *paint*, and *ſelf-intereſt*, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next with her languiſhing air,
Her *outſide* was orderly, modeſt, and fair;
But her *ſoul* was *ſophiſticate*, ſo was her *love*,
For I found ſhe was only a ſtrumpet, by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at laſt:
(You know *marriage* and *money together* does beſt.)
But the *baggage*, forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,
Gave her gold to a *ſniv'ling dull coxcomb*, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noiſe:
I know few of the ſex that are worthy my love;
And for *ſtrumpets and jilts*, I abhor them, by Jove.

L.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonny—O,
When they mind me of my dear Jonny—O.
How happy am I,
When my ſoldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie—O!
'Tis a ſoldier alone can delight me—O,
For his graceful looks do invite me—O:
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death ſhall e'er fright me—O.

My love is a handſome laddie—O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy—O:
Tho' commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a cadie—O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery—O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O;
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king;
For ev'ry other care is but ſlavery—O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady—O;
Farewell all my friends and my daddy—O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O.
Dumbarton's drums ſound bonny—O,
They are ſprightly like my dear Jonny—O:
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie—O!

Auld lang ſyne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with ſcars?
Theſe are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my VARO, to my breaſt,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thouſand cupids play,
Whilſt thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay:
Since your return the ſun and moon
With brighter beams do ſhine;
Streams murmur ſoft notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate;
Let that to their ſhare fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may purſue the chace,
And, after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The hero, pleas'd with the ſweet air,
And ſigns of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the powers above:
Next day, with conſent and glad haſte,
Th' approach'd the ſacred ſhrine;
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſt,
And put them out of pine.

The LASS of LIVINGSTON.

PAIN'D with her ſlighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear;
The gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praiſes of the youth
From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus ſhe ſung—and thus ſhe ſung.

Bleſs'd days when our ingenuous ſex,
More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But ſpoke their mind—but ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair
Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cauſe him mourn—or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deſerving ſwain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame—yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame—to own my flame?
Why took I pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy—and ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted joy—my ſlighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its ſpring,
Own your deſire—own your deſire,
While love's young power with his ſoft wing
Fans up the fire—fans up the fire.
O do not with a ſilly pride,
Or low deſign—or low deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy bride,
But anſwer plain—but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes.
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With ſweet ſurpriſe—with ſweet ſurpriſe.
Some god had led him to the grove;
His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!

PEGGY, I muſt love thee.

AS from a rock paſt all relief,
The ſhipwreck'd Colin ſpying
His native ſoil, o'ercome with grief,
Half ſunk in waves, and dying:
With the next morning-ſun he ſpies
A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe;
New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe:
Why ſhould we happy minutes loſe,
Since, Peggy, I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doting on a proud beauty:
Such was my caſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear;
Falſe Betty's charms now diſappear,
Since Peggy's far outſhine them.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

O Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny laſſies,
They bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' raſhes.
Fair Beſſy Bell I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Beſſy's hair's like a lint-tap;
She ſmiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waiſt and feet's ſu' genty;
With ilka grace ſhe can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs ſae graceſu' ſtill,
O Jove, ſhe's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are ſic bonny laſſies:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee.

JONNY.

THO' for ſeven years and mair, honour ſhou'd reave me, [thee:
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
For deep in my ſpirits thy ſweets are indented;
And love ſhall preſerve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, deareſt, believe me.

NELLY.

O Jonny, I'm jealous whene'er ye diſcover
My ſentiments yielding, ye'll turn a looſe rover;
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart ſairer,
If you prove unconſtant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never ſic fancies oppreſs ye,
For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly careſs ye:
Your blooming ſaft beauties firſt beeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, deareſt, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your miſtreſs, for love gars me trow ye:
And gin you prove fauſe, to ye'rſell be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me
Of my reſt night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid iceſhogles hammer red gauds on the ſtuddy,
And fair ſimmer-mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The ſtarns ſhall gang witherſhins ere I deceive thee.

My Deary, if you die.

LOVE never more ſhall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart ſhall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauties did ſuch pleaſure give,
Thy love's ſo true to me:
Without thee I ſhall never live,
My deary, if thou die.

If fate ſhall tear thee from my breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waſte,
In ſighs the ſilent day.
I ne'er can ſo much virtue find,
Nor ſuch perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine which can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage.
'Twas this that like the morning ſun
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its deſtin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye pow'rs that ſmile on virtuous love,
And in ſuch pleaſure ſhare;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from thoſe arms:
I'm loſt if Peggy die.

My Jo Janet.

SWEET Sir, for your courteſie,
When ye come by the Baſs then,
For the love you bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glaſs then.
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll ſee ye'r bonny ſell,
My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I ſhould fa' in?
Syne a' my kin will ſay and ſwear,
I drown'd myſell for ſin.
Had the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the brae,
My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courteſie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of ſhoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And ſkipping like a mawking,
If they ſhould ſee my clouted ſhoon,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be ſeen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courteſie,
When ye gae to the croſs then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horſe then.
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel,
My jo Janet.

My ſpinning-wheel is auld and ſtiff,
The rock o't winna ſtand, Sir,

To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my hand, Sir.
Make the beſt o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

SONG.

Tune—*John Anderſon my jo.*

WHAT means this niceneſs now of late,
Since time that truth does prove;
Such diſtance may conſiſt with ſtate,
But never will with love.
'Tis either cunning or diſdain
That does ſuch ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not ha'f that art:
For if you chance a look to caſt,
That ſeems to be a frown,
I'll give you all the love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

Auld Rob Morris.

MITHER.

AULD Rob Morris that wins in yon glen, [men,
He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
Has fourſcore of black ſheep, and fourſcore too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen;
For he is fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:
He ſhall ly by your ſide, and kiſs ye too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,
His a—— it ſticks out like ony peat-creel,
He's outſhinn'd, inkneed, and ringle-ey'd too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld braſs it will buy a new pan;
Then, doughter, ye ſhould na be ſo ill to ſhoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is ſae ſtiff, and his beard is grown gray:
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear. Q.

SONG.

Tune—*Come kiſs with me, come clap with me*, &c.

PEGGY.

MY Jocky blyth, for what thou'ſt done,
There is nae help nor mending;
For thou haſt jogg'd me out of tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.

My mither ſees a change on me,
For my complexion daſhes;
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the raſhes.

JOCKY.

My Peggy, what I've ſaid I'll do,
To free thee frae her ſcouling.
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling;
For her content I'll inſtant wed,
Since thy complexion daſhes;
And then we'll try a feather-bed,
'Tis ſafter than the raſhes.

PEGGY.

Then, Jocky, ſince thy love's ſae true,
Let mither ſcoul, I'm eaſy:
Sae lang's I live I ne'er ſhall rue
For what I've done to pleaſe thee.
And there's my hand, I's ne'er complain:
Oh! weel's me on the raſhes;
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a fig for a' their claſhes. Z.

SONG.

Tune—*Rothes's lament;* or, *Pinky-houſe.*

AS Sylvia in a foreſt lay,
To vent her wo alone;
Her ſwain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan:
Ah! is my love (ſhe ſaid) to you
So worthleſs and ſo vain?
Why is your wonted fondneſs now
Converted to diſdain?

You vow'd the light ſhould darkneſs turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love;
In ſhades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you ſwore?
But ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I ſee it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die:
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous conſtant I
Shou'd by yourſelf be kill'd.

This ſaid—all breathleſs, ſick, and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital ſpirits fail,
And ſenſes at a ſtand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
But ere the word was given,
The heavy hand of death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her ſoul to heaven. M.

The young LAIRD and EDINBURGH KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yeſtreen,
Coming down the ſtreet, my jo?
My miſtreſs in her tartan ſcreen,
Fu' bonny, braw, and ſweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wiſh'd a lover ill,

Since ye're out of your mother's ſight,
Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome town a while;
The bloſſom's ſprouting frae the tree,
And a' the ſimmer's gaw'n to ſmile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whiſtling hind,
In ilka dale, green, ſhaw, and park,
Will nouriſh health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flow'rs to buſk ye'r brow;
We'll pou the daiſies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, ſaft, and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler ſhade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY'S Anſwer.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me:
I canna get leave
To look to my loove,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of filler and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY'S the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flow'r of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare;
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be huſh, ye fears, I'll not deſpair;
My Mary's tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe in Yarrow.

O'er BOGIE.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her conſent,
I dinna care a ſtrae;
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now ſhe's miſtreſs of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna part
For ſiller or for land.
Let rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleaſure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, treats, and air,
The ſaul that ſparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare:

Her flowing wit gives ſhining life
To a' her other charms;
How bleſs'd I'll be when ſhe's my wife,
And lock'd up in my arms!
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her ſweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble ſervant, King,
Shame fa' them that wad change.
A kiſs of Betty and a ſmile,
A'beit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's iſle,
And offer me ye'r crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
Her wit and ſweetneſs call me;
Then to my fair I'll ſhow my mind,
Whatever may befal me.
If ſhe love mirth, I'll learn to ſing;
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' ſpring,
And invocate Apollo.

If ſhe admire a martial mind,
I'll ſheath my limbs in armour;
If to the ſofter dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt airs I'll charm her:
If ſhe love grandeur, day and night,
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's ſight,
And ſhine in future ſtory.

Beauty can wonders work with eaſe,
Where wit is correſponding;
And braveſt men know beſt to pleaſe,
With complaiſance abounding.
My bonny Maggy's love can turn
Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her breaſt that flame ſhall burn,
Which in my boſom blazes.

POLWART on the GREEN.

AT Polwart on the Green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where laſſes do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you ſhall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames ſay *Na,*
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the ſna',
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY'S Bonny Laſſie.

BY ſmooth winding Tay a ſwain was reclining,
Aſt cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining
Myſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtranger:
If ſhe's not my bride, my days are na langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good mor-
The ſward of the mead, enamel'd with daiſies, [row.
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flow'rs ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is Hay's bonny laſſie.

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's ſweet ſcent did chear my brain,
From flow'rs which grew ſo rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She ſhin'd, though it was foggy;
I aſk'd her name: Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is Katharine Ogie.

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an air there did appear
In a country-maid ſo neatly:
Such natural ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a lilie in a boggie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee;
Though thou art dreſs'd in robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee;
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clowniſh rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but ſome ſhepherd ſwain!
To feed my flock beſide thee,
At boughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
And ſtateſmen's dang'rous ſtations:
I'd be no King, I'd wear no crown,
I'd ſmile at conq'ring nations:
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.

Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and foggy:
Pity my caſe, ye powers above,
Elſe I die for Katharine Ogie.

An thou were my ain Thing.

OF race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For heaven's ſake, oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;
O! for their ſake ſupport a ſlave,
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your ſake,
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
An thou were, &c.

My paſſion, conſtant as the ſun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done
Till fates my thread of life have ſpun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.
An thou were, &c.

X.

* * * * * * * * *

Like bees that ſuck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of ſweeteſt ſcent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou'
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the uſe of light,
I'd on thy beauties feaſt my ſight,
Syne in ſaft whiſpers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddeſs o'er the green;
Were I a king, thou ſhould be queen,
Nane but myſell aboon thee.
An thou were, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let's make our hay;
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae ſcorn undo thee.
An thou were, &c.

While Love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk ſmile, thou ſhalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt May, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant ſlave, regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it.
'Tis proof a-ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiſs and a ſmily,
There's my thumb 'twill ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe lips of thine are,
Thy boſom white, and legs ſae fine are,
That, when in pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Though kith and kin and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks leſt they ſhou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear laſſie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff-naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely,
O ſay Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of JEAN.

JOCKY ſaid to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tocher-good,
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee.
E'ens ye like, quo' Jonny, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn and a byre,
A ſtack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire,
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry ſhall we be:
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany ſaid to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the lad, I'll be the laſs myſell.
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be. Z.

SONG.

Tune—*Peggy, I muſt love thee.*

BENEATH a beech's grateful ſhade,
Young Colin lay complaining;
He ſigh'd, and ſeem'd to love a maid,
Without hopes of obtaining:
For thus the ſwain indulg'd his grief,
Though pity cannot move thee,
Though thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, Peggy, I muſt love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
For which you ſhould excuſe him.
'Twas thy dear ſelf firſt rais'd this flame,
This fire by which I languiſh;
'Tis thou alone can quench the ſame,
And cool its ſcorching anguiſh.

For thee I leave the ſportive plain,
Where ev'ry maid invites me;
For thee, ſole cauſe of all my pain,
For thee that only ſlights me:
This love that fires my faithful heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! would thou act ſo good a part,
My grief might ſoon be ended.

That beauteous breaſt, ſo ſoft to feel,
Seem'd tenderneſs all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like ſteel,
'Gainſt thy deſpairing lover.
Alas! tho' ſhould it ne'er relent,
Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's lateſt breath is ſpent,
My Peggy, I muſt love thee. C.

Genty TIBBY, and Sonſy NELLY.

Tune—*Tibby Fowler in the glen.*

TIBBY has a ſtore o' charms,
Her genty ſhape our fancy warms;
How ſtrangely can her ſma' white arms
Fetter the lad who looks but at her?
Fra'er ancle to her ſlender waiſt,
Theſe ſweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
Her roſy cheek, and riſing breaſt,
Gar ane's mouth guſh bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawſy, ſaft, and gay,
Freſh as the lucken flowers in May;
Ilk ane that ſees her, crys, *Ah hey,*
She's bonny! O I wonder at her!

The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs ſae plump invite to dawt her;
Her lips ſae ſweet, and ſkin ſae ſleek,
Gar mony mouths beſide mine water.

Now ſtrike my finger in a bore,
My wyſon with the maiden ſhore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When theſe twa ſtars appear the gither.
O love! why doſt thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're obliged to nither
Our ſpacious ſauls immenſe deſires,
And ay be in a hankerin ſwither.

Tibby's ſhape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine:
But ſince they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition:
Provide a good lad for the tane;
But let it be with this proviſion,
I get the other to my lane,
In proſpect *plano* and fruition.

UP IN THE AIR.

NOW the ſun's gane out o' ſight,
Beet the ingle, and ſnuff the light;
In glens the fairies ſkip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France.
Up in the air
On my bonny gray mare,
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet.
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and ſna',
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae ſtarns keek thro' th' azure ſlit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon
Is carouſing aboon;
D'ye ſee, d'ye ſee, d'ye ſee him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the ſpleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire.
Up in the air,
It drives away care;
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the froſt;
Come, Willie, gi's about your toaſt;
Til't, lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythſome bout.
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gi'e her a kiſs, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.

Be ſure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome time:
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happineſs you want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen na-ſays are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant:
Then, ſurly carls, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which ſmiling tells the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love, and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taſte but hard and ſour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye:
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f-year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But ſtint your wiſhes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live-lang day:
A' night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal-day:
And if ye're weary'd, honeſt light,
Sleep gin ye like a week that night.

The Mill, Mill—O.

BENEATH a green ſhade I fand a fair maid,
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill—O;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her with good will—O:
Her boſom I preſs'd; but ſunk in her reſt,
She ſtirr'dna my joy to ſpill—O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and ſkill—O,
Frae her quietly I ſtaw, hoiſt ſails and awa',
For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraiſing fame
Tald me with a voice right ſhrill—O,
My laſs, like a fool, had mounted the ſtool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my ſon in her arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell—O.
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth ſhe, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.
Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
And bade her a' fears expel—O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed myſell—O.

My bonny ſweet laſs, on the gowany graſs,
Beneath the Shilling-hill—O,
If I did offence, I'ſe make ye amends
Before I leave Peggy's mill—O.
O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
And the coggin of the wheel—O:
The ſack and the ſieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a ſodger reel—O.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

Tune—*Wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

WITH broken words, and downcaſt eyes,
Poor Colin ſpoke his paſſion tender;
And, parting with his Griſy, cries,
Ah! wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go:
It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, though we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, though we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me though we ſunder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that bleſs'd time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courteſie,
Will you lodge a ſilly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he ſat;
My doughter's ſhoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir flee twa togither were ſay'ng,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quo' ſhe, an I were as white
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
And awa' with thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raiſe a wee before the cock,
And wilily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure put on her claiſe,
Syne to the ſervant's bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay,
For ſome of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt;
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae but the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.

The ſervant gaed where the doughter lay,
The ſheets were cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife did ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O ſy gar ride, and ſy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe traitors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horſe, ſome ran a-fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' ſnug in a glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa, with kindly ſport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith,
Quo' ſhe, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad ſhe crook her mou',
Sic a poor man ſhe'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And hae nae learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And ſpindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we ſhall be merry and ſing.

THE CORDIAL.

Tune—*Where ſhall our goodman lie?*

HE.

WHERE wad bonny Annie lie?
Alane nae mair ye maun lie;
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're lacking!

SHE.

Can a laſs ſae young as I
Venture on the bridal-tie,
Syne down with a goodman lie?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to lie,
And ſleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I ſhou'd wauking lie,
When the hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my boſom thou ſhalt lie,
When thou waukrife art, or dry,
Healthy cordial ſtanding by,
Shall preſently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, Prieſt, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman lie,
Wha can a cordial give me.

EW-BUGHTS MARION.

WILL ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the ſheep wi' me?
The ſun ſhines ſweet, my Marion,
But nae half ſae ſweet as thee.
O Marion's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blink's in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And ſilk on your white hauſs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiſs my Marion,
At even when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnſlaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
At kirk, when they ſee my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Juſt on her bridal-day;
And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And waiſtcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and ſtout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And gin ye forſake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramaſie;
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt, and ſee ye.

The Blythsome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The laſs wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley-meal;
And there will be good ſawt herring,
To reliſh a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawney the ſutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou';
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow-legg'd Robbie,
With thumbleſs Katy's goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,
And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be ſow-libber Patie,
And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Caper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be Alaſter Sibbie,
Wha in with black Beſſie did mool,
With ſnivelling Lilly and Tibby,
The laſs that ſtands aſt on the ſtool.
Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coſt him grey breeks to his arſe,
Who after was hangit for ſtealing,
Great mercy it happen'd na warſe:

And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirſh wi' the lilly-white leg,
Wha gade to the ſouth for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flae-lugged ſharney-fac'd Lawrie,
And ſhangy-mou'd haluket Meg.
And there will be happer-ars'd Nanſy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Griſy,
The laſs wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,
With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
And miſle-ſhinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was ſkipper himſell.
There lads and laſſes in pearlings
Will feaſt in the heart of the ha',
On ſybows, and riſarts, and carlings,
That are baith ſodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
With ſowth of good gabbocks of ſkate,
Powſowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
And cauler nowt-feet in a plate:
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and ſpeldings enew,
With ſinged ſheep-heads, and a haggies,
And ſcadlips to ſup till ye ſpew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks,
And ſowens, and farls, and baps,
With ſwats, and well-ſcraped paunches,
And brandy in ſtoups and in caps:

And there will be meal-kail and caſtocks,
With ſkink to ſup till ye rive,
And roaſts to roaſt on a brander,
Of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulſe and tangle,
And a mill of good ſniſhing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll riſe up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The laſs wi' the gowden hair. Z.

The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that graceſu' mien,
And manly looks of my highland laddie?
O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handſome, charming highland laddie;
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward
Our lawland laſs and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady;
Frae winter's cauld, and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiſs, and be as glad,
Behind a buſh in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While heaven preſerves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

ALLAN WATER.

Or, My Love ANNIE'S very bonny.

WHAT numbers ſhall the muſe repeat?
What verſe be found to praiſe my Annie?
On her ten thouſand graces wait,
Each ſwain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trod the happy plain,
She ſet each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her ſwain complain,
That Annie kindles new deſire.

This lovely darling deareſt care,
  This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like ſummer's dawn, ſhe's freſh and fair,
  When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths conveen,
  Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
  In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
  He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His riſing ſighs expreſs his flame,
  His words were few, his wiſhes many.
With ſmiles the lovely maid reply'd,
  Kind ſhepherd, why ſhould I deceive ye?
Alas! your love muſt be deny'd,
  This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
  His wiles, his ſmiles, his charms beguiling,
He ſtole away my virgin heart;
  Ceaſe, poor Amyntor, ceaſe bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find,
  On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
Then chuſe ſome heart that's unconfin'd,
  And leave to Damon his own Annie. C.

The Collier's Bonny Laſſie.

THE collier has a daughter,
  And O ſhe's wonder bonny;
A laird he was that ſought her,
  Rich baith in lands and money:
The tutors watch'd the motion
  Of this young honeſt lover;
But love is like the ocean;
  Wha can its depth diſcover?

He had the art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonny laſſie,
Fair as the new-blown lillie,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expreſſion
The charms that were about her,
And panted for poſſeſſion,
His life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
Cloſe to his breaſt he held her,
In faſteſt flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
Let naething diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye:
For I have gear in plenty,
And love ſays, 'Tis my duty
To ware what heav'n has lent me
Upon your wit and beauty.

Where HELEN lies.

To —— in mourning.

AH! why thoſe tears in Nelly's eyes?
To hear thy tender ſighs and cries,
The gods ſtand liſt'ning from the ſkies,
Pleas'd with thy piety.

To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
Or ſome divinity.

O be leſs graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy ſevere and blind;
Wounded, I ſigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a height by Hymen's ties,
To lay me down where Helen lies,
And with thy charms be free.

Then muſt I hide my love, and die,
When ſuch a ſoveregn cure is by?
No; ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be;
Which ſoon I'll read in her bright eyes,
With thoſe dear agents I'll adviſe,
They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
The leaſt believ'd by me.

SONG.

Tune—*Gallowſhiels.*

AH the ſhepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh.
Yet eager looks, and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſcover,
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her;

The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various wiſhes.

For oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes purſue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

To L. M. M.

Tune—*Rantin roaring Willie.*

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
Thy ſmiles ſo enchantingly gay,
And thoughts ſo divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour diſplay.
But ſay not thou'lt imitate angels
Ought fairer, though ſcarcely, ah me!
Can be found equalizing thy merit,
A match amongſt mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties ſhed fires
May warm up ten thouſand to love,
Who deſpairing, may fly to ſome other,
While I may deſpair, but ne'er rove.

What a mixture of ſighing and joys
This diſtant adoring of thee,
Gives to a fond heart too aſpiring,
Who loves in ſad ſilence like me?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treaſure,
And ſhipwreck'd, on landſcapes on ſhore:
Be ſtill more divine and have pity;
I die ſoon as hope is no more.
For, Mary, my ſoul is thy captive,
Nor love, nor expects to be free;
Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
Thy ſlav'ry's a pleaſure to me.

This is no mine ain Houſe.

THIS is not mine ain houſe,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
And miſtreſs of his fire-ſide,
Mine ain houſe I like to guide,
And pleaſe me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's houſe,
I gang where love invites me;
The ſtricteſt duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuſe him were a ſin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain houſe,
True love ſhall be at hand ay,
To make me ſtill a prudent ſpouſe,
And let my man command ay;

Avoiding ilka cauſe of ſtriſe,
The common peſt of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee ſhe ſaws.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou was wont to be,
Thou art a fool to ſuffer pain
For love of ane that loves not thee.
My heart, let be ſic fantaſie,
Love only where thou haſt good cauſe;
Since ſcorn and liking ne'er agree,
The fint a crum of thee ſhe ſaws.

To what effect ſhould thou be thrall?
Be happy in thine ain free-will,
My heart, be never beſtial,
But ken wha does thee good or ill.
At hame with me then tarry ſtill,
And ſee wha can beſt play their paws,
And let the filly fling her fill,
For fint a crum of thee ſhe ſaws.

Though ſhe be fair, I will not fenzie,
She's of a kind with mony mae;
For why, they are a felon menzie
That ſeemeth good, and are not ſae.
My heart, take neither ſturt nor wae
For Meg, for Marjory, or Mauſe,
But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
For fint a crum of thee she ſaws.

Remember, how that Medea
Wild for a ſight of Jaſon yied,
Remember, how young Creſſida
Left Troilus for Diomede;

Remember Helen, as we read,
Brought Troy from bliſs unto bare waws:
Then let her gae where ſhe may ſpeed,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe ſaws.

Becauſe ſhe ſaid I took it ill,
For her depart my heart was ſair,
But was beguil'd; gae where ſhe will,
Beſhrew the heart that firſt takes care:
But be thou merry late and air,
This is the final end and clauſe,
And let her feed and foully fair,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe ſaws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breaſt,
Ne'er let her ſlights thy courage ſpill.
Nor gie a ſob, although ſhe ſneeſt,
She's faireſt paid that gets her will.
She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
When ſhe glaicks paughty in her braws;
Now let her ſnirt and ſyke her fill,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe ſaws. Z.

To Mrs. E. C.

Tune—*Sae merry as we have been.*

NOW Phœbus advances on high,
Nae footſteps of winter are ſeen;
The birds carrol ſweet in the ſky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.
Through plantings, and burnies ſae clear,
We wander for pleaſure and health,
Where buddings and bloſſoms appear,
Giving proſpects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay ſcene all around,
That are, and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them a' naething is found
Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.
Thy een the clear fountains excel,
Thy locks they outrival the grove;
When zephyrs thus pleaſingly ſwell,
Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roſes and lilies combin'd,
And flowers of maiſt delicate hue,
By thy cheek and dear breaſts are outſhin'd,
Their tinctures are naithing ſae true.
What can we compare with thy voice,
And what with thy humour ſae ſweet?
Nae muſic can bleſs with ſic joys;
Sure angels are juſt ſae complete.

Fair bloſſom of ilka delight,
Whoſe beauties ten thouſand outſhine:
Thy ſweet ſhall be laſting and bright,
Being mix'd with ſae many divine.
Ye pow'rs, who have given ſic charms
To Eliza, your image below,
O ſave her frae all human harms!
And make her hours happily flow.

My Daddy forbad, my Minny forbad.

WHEN I think on my lad,
I ſigh and am ſad,
For now he is far frae me.
My daddy was harſh,
My minny was warſe,
That gart him gae yont the ſea.

Without an eſtate,
That made him look blate:
And yet a brave lad is he.
Gin ſafe he come hame,
In ſpite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love ſpeers nae advice
Of parents o'er wife,
That have but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon caſh,
As naething but traſh,
That ſhakles what ſhou'd be free.
And though my dear lad
Not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he;
A'beit I'm an heireſs,
I think it but fair is,
To love him, ſince he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie,
Haſte, haſte thee in o'er the ſea,
To her wha can find
Nae eaſe in her mind,
Without a blyth ſight of thee.
Though my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For ſince thou alone
My favour haſt won,
Nane elſe ſhall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
Or without their leave
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee:
Be content with a heart,
That can never deſert,
Till they ceaſe to oppoſe or be.

My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm reſolves they ſee;
Then I with pleaſure
Will yield up my treaſure,
And a' that love orders to thee.

Tune—*Steer her up, and had her gawn.*

O STEER her up, and had her gawn,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
But gin ſhe winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
Pray thee, lad, leave ſilly thinking,
Caſt thy cares of love away;
Let's our ſorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that ſhining glaſs of claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Take it aff, and let's hae mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
Let's have pleaſure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,
Place't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou, as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna ſpill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,
Drinking better is than love.

Clout the Caldron.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinkler to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As ſcant of ſiller as of grace,
Diſbanded, we've a bad run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a ſingle flie
For any man's reſentment;
For, lady fair, though I appear
To ev'ry ane a tinkler,
Yet to yourſell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a ſwan
Turn'd for his lovely Leda;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry aff Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argos blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinkler?
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.

Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinkler under tack
That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

The MALT-MAN.

THE malt-man comes on Munday,
He craves wonder fair,
Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my ſiller,*
Or malt ye ſall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
And gave him ſome good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a gantree,
As hoſtler-wives ſhould do.

When malt-men come for ſiller,
And gaugers with wands o'er ſoon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is ſcanty,
Will keep them frae making din;
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The ſnackeſt of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
But I can be as ſlee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears ſcores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll anſwer a bill for me.

Bonny Bessy.

Tune—*Beſſy's Haggies.*

BESSY'S beauties ſhine ſae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever give delight,
And in tranſport make me view her.
Bonny Beſſy, thee alane
Love I, naething elſe about thee;
With thy comelineſs I'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

Beſſy's boſom's ſaft and warm,
Milk-white fingers ſtill employ'd;
He who takes her to his arm,
Of her ſweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
My dear Beſſy, when the roſes
Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy mind diſcloſes,
Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Beſſy's tocher is but ſcanty.
Yet her face and ſoul diſcovers
Theſe inchanting ſweets in plenty
Muſt entice a thouſand lovers.
'Tis not money, but a woman
Of a temper kind and eaſy,
That gives happineſs uncommon,
Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the ſpring,
Which Flora had adorned
In raiment fair; now every thing
The rage of winter ſcorned:

I caſt mine eye, and did eſpy
A youth, who made great clamor;
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breaſt he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful ſong
With ſighs he did deliver:
Ah! Jeany's face has comely grace,
Her locks that ſhine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets ſheen,
The morning-ſun outſhining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And make me die with pining.
Durſt I complain, nature's to blame,
So curiouſly to frame her,
Whoſe beauties rare make me with care
Cry, *Omnia vincit amor.*

Ye cryſtal ſtreams that ſwiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her ſcorning:
Let every tree a witneſs be,
How juſtly I may blame her;
Ye chanting birds, note theſe my words,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had ſhe been kind as ſhe was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tired.
Thus ſaid, his breath began to fail,
He could not ſpeak, but ſtammer;
He ſigh'd full ſore, and ſaid no more,
But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I obſerv'd him near to death,
I run in haſte to ſave him,
But quickly he reſigned his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her ſake this vow I'll make,
My tongue ſhall ay defame her,
While on his herſe I'll write this verſe,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I conſider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found, though Cupid he be blind,
He proves in pith moſt mighty.
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his hammer,
Did ever prove the ſlaves of love,
For *omnia vincit amor.*

Hence we may ſee th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break aſunder:
Nor wiſe, nor fool, need go to ſchool,
To learn this from his grammar;
His heart's the book where he's to look,
For *omnia vincit amor.* Q.

The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

I.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
And ſhe had dochters nine or ten,
That ſought the houſe baith but and ben,
To find their mam a ſniſhing.
The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife anieſt the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of ſniſhing.

II.

Her mill into ſome hole had ſawn,
Whatrecks, quoth ſhe, let it be gawn,
For I maun hae a young goodman
Shall furniſh me with ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

III.

Her eldeſt dochter ſaid right bauld,
Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if ye with a younker wald,
He'll waſte away your ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

IV.

The youngeſt dochter gae a ſhout,
O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
Beſides ha'f blind, you have the gout,
Your mill can haud nae ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and ſtump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

VI.

Thole ye, ſays Peg, that pawky ſlut,
Mother, if ye can crack a nut,
Then we will a' conſent to it,
That you ſhall have a ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Note—Sniſhing, in its literal meaning, is ſnuff made of tobacco; but, in this ſong, it means ſometimes contentment, a huſband, love, money, &c.

VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a piſtol bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To win herſell a ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

VIII.

Braw ſport it was to ſee her chow't,
And 'tween her gums ſae ſqueez and row't,
While frae her jaws the ſlaver flow'd,
And ay ſhe curs'd poor ſtumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

IX.

At laſt ſhe gae a deſperate ſqueez,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,
And ſyne poor ſtumpy was at eaſe,
But ſhe tint hopes of ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

X.

She of the taſk began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

XI.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
Aſſoon as ye're paſt mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of ſniſhing:
Elſe, like this wife beyont the fire,
Ye'r bairns againſt you will conſpire;
Nor will ye get, unleſs ye hire,
A young man with your ſniſhing.

I'll never love thee more.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other ſway,
But pureſt monarchy:
For if confuſion have a part,
Which virtuous ſouls abhor,
I'll call a ſynod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore diſdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deſerts are ſmall,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or loſe it all.

But I will reign, and govern ſtill,
And always give the law,
And have each ſubject at my will,
And all to ſtand in awe:
But 'gainſt my batt'ries if I find
Thou ſtorm or vex me ſore,
As if thou ſet me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I ſhould ſolely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dares to ſhare with me,
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on ſuch a ſcore,
I'll ſmiling, mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithleſs action ſtain
Thy love and conſtant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my ſword.
I'll ſerve thee in ſuch noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

The BLACKBIRD.

UPON a fair morning, for ſoft recreation,
I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
With ſighing and ſobbing, and ſad lamentation,
Saying, my *blackbird* moſt royal is flown.
My thoughts they deceive me,
Reflections do grieve me,
And I am o'erburden'd with ſad miſery;
Yet, if death ſhould blind me,
As true love inclines me,
My *blackbird* I'll ſeek out, wherever he be.

Once in fair England my *blackbird* did flouriſh,
He was the chief flower that in it did ſpring;
Prime ladies of honour his perſon did nouriſh,
Becauſe he was the true ſon of a king:
But ſince that falſe fortune,
Which ſtill is uncertain,
Has cauſed this parting between him and me,
His name I'll advance
In Spain and in France,
And ſeek out my *blackbird* wherever he be.

The birds of the foreſt all met together,
The turtle has choſen to dwell with the dove;
And I am reſolv'd, in foul or fair weather,
Once in the ſpring to ſeek out my love.

He's all my heart's treaſure,
My joy and my pleaſure;
And juſtly (my love) my heart follows thee,
Who art conſtant and kind,
And courageous of mind,
All bliſs on my *blackbird* wherever he be.

In England my *blackbird* and I were together,
Where he was ſtill noble and gen'rous of heart;
Ah! wo to the time that firſt he went thither,
Alas! he was forc'd from thence to depart.
In Scotland he's deem'd,
And highly eſteem'd,
In England he ſeemeth a ſtranger to be;
Yet his fame ſhall remain
In France and in Spain;
All bliſs to my *blackbird*, wherever he be.

What if the fowler my *blackbird* has taken,
Then ſighing and ſobbing will be all my tune;
But if he is ſafe, I'll not be forſaken,
And hope yet to ſee him in May or in June.
For him through the fire,
Through mud and through mire,
I'll go; for I love him to ſuch a degree,
Who is conſtant and kind,
And noble of mind,
Deſerving all bleſſings, wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,
I may meet with friendſhip of one is a ſtranger,
More than of one that in Britain is born.
I pray heaven ſo ſpacious,
To Britain be gracious,
Tho' ſome there be odious to both him and me;
Yet joy and renown,
And laurels ſhall crown
My *blackbird* with honour, wherever he be.

Tak your Auld Cloak about ye.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And froſt and ſnaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blaſts ſae bald,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill.
Then Bell, my wife, wha loves na ſtrife,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up, goodman, ſave Cromie's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a good kine;
Aſt has ſhe wet the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that ſhe ſhou'd tyne;
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end:
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't theſe thirty year:
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they coſt but ha'f a crown;
He ſaid, they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore the crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not ſee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe?
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat it's thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak yer auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, ſhe loves na ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye give her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

The Quadruple Alliance.

Tune—*Jocky blyth and gay.*

SWIFT, SANDY, YOUNG, and GAY,
Are ſtill my heart's delight,
I ſing their ſangs by day,
And read their tales at night.

If frae their books I be,
'Tis dulneſs then with me;
But when theſe ſtars appear,
Jokes, ſmiles, and wit ſhine clear.

Swift, with uncommon ſtyle,
And wit that flows with eaſe,
Inſtructs us with a ſmile,
And never fails to pleaſe.
Bright Sandy gladly ſings,
Of heroes, gods, and kings:
He well deſerves the bays,
And every Briton's praiſe.

While thus our Homer ſhines,
Young, with Horatian flame,
Corrects theſe falſe deſigns
We puſh in love of fame.
Blyth Gay, in pawky ſtrains,
Makes villains, clowns, and ſwains
Reprove, with biting leer,
Thoſe in a higher ſphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give delight;
Let all the *dunces* bray,
You're far above their ſpite:
Such, from a malice four,
Write nonſenſe, lame and poor,
Which never can ſucceed,
For who the traſh will read?

The end of the FIRST VOLUME.

A

COLLECTION

OF

CHOICE SONGS

She ſung—the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms eſpies:
Then all in raptures falls a ſlave,
Both to her voice and eyes.

VOLUME II.

To Clarinda.

A SONG.

Tune—*I wiſh my love were in a mire.*

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile, &c.
So ſpoke and ſmil'd the eaſtern maid;
Like thine, ſeraphic were her charms,
That in Circaſia's vineyards ſtray'd,
And bleſs'd the wiſeſt monarch's arms.

A thouſand fair of high deſert,
Strave to enchant the amorous king;
But the Circaſian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bard to ſing.

Clarinda thus our ſang inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and higheſt lays,
But while each charm our boſom fires,
Words ſeem too few to ſound her praiſe.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint ſurpaſſes human ſkill:
Her majeſty, mix'd with the ſweet,
Let ſeraphs ſing her if they will.
Whilſt wond'ring with a raviſh'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a ſiſter of the ſky,
To whom an adoration's due.

SONG.

Tune—*Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartſome with thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind.
Tho' loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is ſair pain'd,
By eaſe that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuſe,
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The auld Goodman.

LATE in an evening forth I went,
A little before the ſun gae'd down,
And there I chanc'd by accident,
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife was fa'n in a ſtrife,
I canna well tell you how it began;
But ay ſhe wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a ſilly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to ſcorn;
For he did ſpend, and make an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
He gart the poor ſtand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winſome John,
His blinkin eye, and gate ſae free,
Was naething like thee, thou doſen'd drone.

His roſie face, and flaxen hair,
And a ſkin as white as ony ſwan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why doſt thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild bees I canna pleaſe,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow ſcant.
Of houſhold ſtuff thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of ſiklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret myſell,
To think on theſe blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay
In arms into a well-made bed;
But now I ſigh and may be ſad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's aſleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night ſae dark,
And gane was a' the light o' day;
The carl was fear'd to miſs his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer ſtay;
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the wife the day ſhe wan,
And ay the o'erword of the fray
Was ever, *Alake, my auld goodman.* Z.

SONG.

Tune—*Valiant* JOCKY.

On a beautiful, but very young lady.

BEAUTY from fancy takes its arms,
And ev'ry common face ſome breaſt may move.
Some in a look, a ſhape, or air find charms,
To juſtify their choice, or boaſt their love.
But had the great Apelles ſeen that face,
When he the Cyprian goddeſs drew,
He had neglected all the female race,
Thrown his firſt Venus by, and copied you.
In that deſign,
Great nature would combine
To fix the ſtandard of her ſacred coin;
The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
And ſhrines been rais'd to Seraphina's name.

II.

But ſince no painter ere could take
That face which baffles all his curious art;
And he that ſtrives the bold attempt to make,
As well might paint the ſecrets of the heart.
O happy glaſs, I'll thee prefer,
Content to be, like thee, inanimate,
Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
A better life and motion would create.
Her eyes would inſpire,
And like Prometheus's fire,
At once inform the piece and give deſire;
The charming phantom I would graſp, and fly
O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.

III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
Whoſe charms are fading, and ſubmit to time;
The graces which from them it ſteals away,
It with a laviſh hand ſtill adds to thine.

The god of love in ambuſh lies,
And with his arms ſurrounds the fair,
He points his conquering arrows in theſe eyes,
Then hangs a ſharpen'd dart at ev'ry hair,
As with fatal ſkill,
Turn which way you will,
Like Eden's flaming-ſword each way you kill;
So rip'ning years improve rich nature's ſtore,
And gives perfection to the golden ore. P.

Laſs with a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a laſs with a lump of land,
And we for life ſhall gang the gither,
Though daft or wiſe, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair, it makſna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And bloom alane is na worth a ſhilling;
But ſhe that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn douf, it will find pleaſure:
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, though bonny, to meddle,
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a lump of land,
Theyſe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And ſiller and gowd's a ſweet complexion;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And caſtles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern ſparks,
But well-tocher'd laſſes, or jointur'd widows.

The Shepherd Adonis.

I.

THE ſhepherd Adonis
Being weary'd with ſport,
He, for a retirement,
To the woods did reſort;
He threw by his club,
And he laid himſelf down;
He envy'd no monarch,
Nor wiſh'd for a crown.

II.

He drank of the burn,
And he ate frae the tree,
Himſelf he enjoy'd,
And frae trouble was free.
He wiſh'd for no nymph,
Though never ſae fair,
Had nae love nor ambition,
And therefore no care.

III.

But as he lay thus
In an ev'ning ſae clear,
A heavn'ly ſweet voice
Sounded ſaft in his ear;
Which came frae a ſhady
Green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny Amynta
Sat ſinging of love.

IV.

He wander'd that way,
And found wha was there,
He was quite confounded
To ſee her ſae fair:

He ſtood like a ſtatue,
Not a foot cou'd he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him;
But he fear'd it was love.

V.

The nymph ſhe beheld him
With a kind modeſt grace,
Seeing ſomething that pleas'd her
Appear in his face,
With bluſhing a little
She to him did ſay,
Oh ſhepherd! what want ye,
How came you this way?

VI.

His ſpirits reviving,
He to her reply'd,
I was ne'er ſae ſurpris'd
At the ſight of a maid;
Until I beheld thee,
From love I was free;
But now I'm ta'en captive,
My faireſt, by thee. Z.

The COMPLAINT.

To B. I. G.

Tune—*When abſent*, &c.

WHEN abſent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain ſhake off the chains I wear;
But whilſt I ſtrive theſe to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.

My captiv'd fancy day and night
Fairer and fairer repreſents
Belinda form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cauſe of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,
And ſighing hear from ev'ry tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle ſleep with balmy wings
To reſt fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thouſand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddeſs fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting ſmiles and killing air
Appears the cauſe of all my pain.
A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her ſweets with thirling joy,
Whilſt want of worth makes doubts ariſe,
That all my trembling hopes deſtroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fixed on her,
I'm all o'er tranſport and deſire;
My pulſe beats high, my cheek appears
All roſes, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myſelf I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
Thus whilſt my fears my pains renew,
I ſcarcely look or move a man.

The young Laſs *contra* auld Man.

THE carl he came o'er the croft,
And his beard new ſhav'n,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The carl trows that I wad hae him.

Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
For a' his beard new ſhav'n,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A ſiller broach he gae me neiſt,
To faſten on my curchea nooked,
I wor'd a wee upon my breaſt,
But ſoon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And ſae may his, I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
Ane twice a bairn's a laſs's jeſt;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carl has na fault but ane;
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But waes me for him! ſkin and bane
Is no for a plump laſs of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
What ſignifies his dirty riggs,
And caſh, without a man with them

But ſhou'd my cankard daddy gar
Me tak him 'gainſt my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their ſtatio
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
I'm fleed to crack the haly band,
Sae lawty ſays, I ſhou'd na hae him.

VIRTUE and WIT.

The Preſervatives of Love and Beauty.

Tune—*Killikranky.*

HE.

CONFESS thy love, fair bluſhing maid,
For ſince thine eye's conſenting,
Thy ſafter thoughts are a' betray'd,
And na-ſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy mind,
With words thy wiſh denying?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

Nature and reaſon's joint conſent
Make love a ſacred bleſſing,
Then happily that time is ſpent,
That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then, my Katie, to my arms,
I'll be nae mair a rover;
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you deſign, by nature's law,
Is fleeting inclination,
That Willy-Wiſp bewilds us a'
By its infatuation.
When that goes out, careſſes tire,
And love's na mair in ſeaſon,
Syne weakly we blow up the fire,
With all our boaſted reaſon.

HE.

The beauties of inferior caſt
May ſtart this juſt reflection;
But charms like thine maun always laſt,
Where wit has the protection.

Virtue and Wit, like April rays,
Make beauty riſe the ſweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My love will grow completer.

SONG.

Tune—*The happy clown.*

IT was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were freſh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
Sweet Chloe, chaſte and fair;
From peaceful ſlumber ſhe aroſe,
Girt on her mantle and her hoſe,
And o'er the flow'ry mead ſhe goes,
To breathe a purer air.

Her looks ſo ſweet, ſo gay her mien,
Her handſome ſhape, and dreſs ſo clean,
She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
Dreſt in her beſt array.
The gentle winds, and purling stream,
Aſſay'd to whiſper Chloe's name,
The ſavage beaſts, till then ne'er tame,
Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might ſee,
Perch'd all around her on a tree;
With notes of ſweeteſt melody
They act a chearful part.
The dull ſlaves on the toilſome plow,
Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
A glad subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they ſpy,
They leave their hoarſe and rueful cry,
And dance around the brooks,
The woods are glad, the meadows ſmile,
And Forth, that foam'd and roar'd erewhile,
Glides calmly down and ſmooth as oil,
Thro' all its charming crooks.

The finny ſquadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,
In glazie numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.
The inſects and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring;
All friſk and dance, if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phœbus now began to riſe,
And paint with red the eaſtern ſkies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He ſhrinks behind a cloud.
Her mantle on a bow ſhe lays,
And all her glory ſhe diſplays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And ſkipp'd into the wood. X.

Lady ANNE BOTHWELL'S Lament.

BALOW, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be ſilent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full ſad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, ſleep a while,
And when thou wak'ſt, then ſweetly ſmile;
But ſmile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I ſee,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his ſugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I ſee that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewel, farewel, thou falſeſt youth
That ever kiſs'd a woman's mouth;
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courteſy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuſe, and care not how.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the firſt,
To yield thee all a maiden durſt;
Thou ſwore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promiſe nought.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wiſh I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain;
For now, unto my grief, I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witneſs my babe lies in my arms.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worſe,
That I muſt needs be now a nurſe,
And lull my young ſon on my lap;
From me, ſweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail, as from all bliſs exil'd.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whoſe greateſt grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deſerved ſmart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart;
For too ſoon truſting lateſt finds,
With faireſt tongues are falſeſt minds.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftleſs ſon has play'd;
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curſe and mine
Make him eat acorns with the ſwine.
Balow, my boy, &c.

But curſe not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorſe, is bleſſing thee:
Perhaps at death; for who can tell
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By ſome proud foe has ſtruck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wiſh I were into the bounds
Where he lies ſmother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet ſo fiercely ſet,
But ſhe'll forgive, though not forget.
Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's ſake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My ſmock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-ſheet.
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too ſoon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a ſum,
God grant thee patience when they come;
Born to ſuſtain thy mother's ſhame,
A hapleſs fate, a baſtard's name.
Balow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep. X.

SONG.

She raiſe and loot me in.

THE night her ſilent ſable wore,
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in Nelly's eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, ſhrouded only with her ſmock,
Aroſe and loot me in.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe embrace,
She trembling ſtood aſham'd;
Her ſwelling breaſt, and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was ſoon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the joy;
I knew no greater bleſſing,
So bleſs'd a man was I.
And ſhe, all raviſh'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with bairn,
And ſighing ſat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en juſt like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh ſin:
She ſigh'd, and curſt the fatal hour
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart;
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime:
Thus all was well again,
And now ſhe thanks the happy time
That e'er ſhe loot me in. Z.

SONG.

If love's a ſweet paſſion.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hands gently, look languiſhing down,
And, by paſſionate ſilence, I make my love known:
But oh! how I'm bleſs'd when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there is nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.

X.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

HONEST man, John Ochiltree;
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do?
Alake, alake! I wont to do!
Ohon, ohon! I wont to do!
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae ſilly auld John Ochiltree.
Honeſt man, John Ochiltree;
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree:
Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To whoſt and hirple o'er my tree,
My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways! John Ochiltree,
For mony a time I tell'd to thee,

Thou rade ſae faſt by ſea and land,
And wadna keep a bridle hand,
Thou'd tine the beaſt, thy ſell wad die,
My ſilly auld John Ochiltree.
Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
And chear me up to hear thee ſing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For thoughts maun now my life ſuſtain.

Gae thy ways, John Ochiltree:
Hae done! it has nae ſa'r wi' me,
I'll ſet the beaſt in throw the land.
She'll maybe fa' in a better hand,
Even ſit thou there and drink thy ſill,
For I'll do as I wont to do ſtill. Z.

SONG.

Tune—*Jenny beguil'd the webſter.*

The auld chorus.

Up ſtairs, down ſtairs,
Timber ſtairs fear me,
I'm laith to ly a night my lane,
And Johny's bed's ſae near me.

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Though I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my ſleep
I ſtart, and dream of Johny.
When Johny then comes down the glen
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi'e your conſent,
For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miſcarry;
For ſhame and ſkaith's the clink o't;
To thole the dool, to mount the ſtool,
I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while it's time, I'll ſhun the crime
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With haunches ſow, and een ſae blew,
To a' the bedrals binging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
The Kirk had ne'er a ken'd it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town,
Alake, how can ſhe mend it?
Now Tam maun face the miniſter,
And ſhe màun mount the pillar:
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk has nae ſiller.

Now had ye'r tongue, my daughter young,
Replied the kindly mither,
Get Johny's hand, in haly band,
Syne wap your wealth togither.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part diſcreetly;
And prove a wife will gar his life
And barrel run right ſweetly.

SONG.

Tune—*Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen*, &c.

OF all the birds whoſe tuneful throats
Do welcome in the verdant ſpring,
I far prefer the Stirling's notes,
And think ſhe does moſt ſweetly ſing.

Nor thruſh, nor linnet, nor the bird
Brought from the far Canary coaſt,
Nor can the nightingale afford,
Such melody as ſhe can boaſt.

When Phœbus ſouthward darts his fires,
And on our plains he looks aſkance,
The nightingale with him retires,
My Stirling makes my blood to dance.
In ſpite of Hyems' nipping froſt,
Whether the day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her health entoaſt,
Who makes it ſummer all the year?

Then by thyſelf, my lovely bird,
I'll ſtroke thy back, and kiſs thy breaſt;
And if you'll take my honeſt word,
As ſacred as before the prieſt,
I'll bring thee where I will deviſe
Such various ways to pleaſure thee,
The velvet fog thou wilt deſpiſe,
When on the *downy hills with me.* T. R.

SONG.

To its own Tune.

IN January laſt,
On Munanday at morn,
As thro' the fields I paſt,
To view the winter corn,
I looked me behind,
And ſaw come o'er the know,
And glancing in her apron,
With a bonny brent brow.

I ſaid, Good-morrow, fair maid;
And ſhe right court'ouſly
Return'd a beck, and kindly ſaid,
Good-day, ſweet Sir, to you.
I ſpear'd, My dear, how far awa
Do ye intend to gae?
Quoth ſhe, I mean a mile or twa
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

HE.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have ſic company;
For I am ganging ſtraight that gate,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a mile or twain,
I ſaid to her, My dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiſs your bonny mou'?

SHE.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee miſtane;
For I am nane of theſe,
I hope ye ſome mair breeding ken,
Than to ruffle women's claiſe:
For may be I have choſen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kiſs my bonny mou'.

HE.

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae na mair to ſay:
Rather than be rejected,
I will gi'e o'er the play;
And chuſe anither will reſpect
My love and on me rew;
And let me claſp her round the neck,
And kiſs her bonny mou'.

SHE.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And laith to be ſaid nay,
Elſe ye wad ne'er a ſtarted
For ought that I did ſay:
For women in their modeſty,
At firſt they winna bow;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you. Z.

SONG.

Tune—*I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard Mary ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay, deareſt Adonis, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou ſhould leave me.
I'll live and die for thy ſake:
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love, that has griev'd thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may believe me.
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguiſh ſooth!
This breaſt ſhall receive thee.

My paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee. C.

Sleepy Body, drowſy Body.

SOMNOLENTE, quæſo, repente
Vigila, vive, me tange.
Somnolente, quæſo, repente
Vigila, vivè, me tange.
Cum me ambiebas,
Videri ſolebas
Amoris negotiis aptus;
At factus maritus,
In lecto ſopitus,
Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

O ſleepy body,
And drowſy body,
O wiltuna waken, and turn thee:
To drivel and draunt,
While I ſigh and gaunt,
Gives me good reaſon to ſcorn thee.

When thou ſhouldſt be kind,
Thou turns ſleepy and blind,
And ſnoters and ſnores far frae me.
Wae light on thy face,
Thy drowſy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee. Q.

General LESLY'S March to Longmarſton Moor.

MARCH, march,
Why the d—— do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order,
Front about, ye muſketeers all,
Till ye come to the Engliſh border:
Stand till't, and fight like men,
True goſpel to maintain,
The parliament's blyth to ſee us a' coming.
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae Popiſh relics, and a' ſic innovations,
That a' the warld may ſee,
There's nane i' the right but we,
Of the auld Scottiſh nation.
Jenny ſhall wear the hood,
Jocky the ſark of GOD;
And the kiſt fou of whiſtles,
That make ſic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw,
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it,
Buſk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.
March, march, &c. Z.

SONG.

Tune—*I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

HE.

ADIEU, for a while, my native green plains,
My neareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains
Dear Nelly, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages, while abſent frae thee.

SHE.

Then tell me the reaſon thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away;
Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reaſon unhappy, is owing to fate
That gave me a being without an eſtate,
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway,
Then, Johny, be counſell'd na langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

HE.

O ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondneſs which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

Bear witneſs, ye ſtreams, and witneſs, ye flowers:
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

SONG.

To the tune of

BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride;
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny marrow;
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride,
Buſk and go to the braes of Yarrow;
There will we ſport and gather dew,
Dancing while laverocks ſing the morning;
There learn frae turtles to prove true;
O Bell! ne'er vex me with thy ſcorning.

To weſtlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair freſh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſſom,
Yet haſtilie they flow to Tweed,
And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny Bell,
Haſte to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free conſent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus ſang I ſaftly to my fair,
Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of ſmiles, I aſk na mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's conſenting.

Corn-riggs are bonny.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's ſtately in his wawking;
The ſhining of his een ſurpriſe;
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a-glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting;
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And ſyne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

CROMLET'S LILT.

SINCE all thy vows, falſe maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To ſad deſpair,
Into ſome wilderneſs,
My grief I will expreſs,
And thy hard-heartedneſs,
O cruel air.

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree,
In yonder ſpreading groves,
Tho' falſe thou be?

Was not a ſolemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Conſtant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful ſhade,
Where neither ſun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There will I ſigh and rave,
Becauſe thou doſt behave
So faithleſſly.

Wild-fruit ſhall be my meat,
I'll drink the ſpring,
Cold earth ſhall be my ſeat:
For covering
I'll have the ſtarry ſky
My head to canopy,
Until my ſoul on hy
Shall ſpread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me:
No grave do I deſire,
Nor obſequies:
The courteous Red-breaſt he
With leaves will cover me,
And ſing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghoſt I am,
I'll viſit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whoſe cruelty
Has kill'd the kindeſt heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can deſert
From loving thee.

SONG.

We'll a' to KELSO go.

AN I'll awa to bonny Tweedſide,
And ſee my deary come throw,
And he ſall be mine,
Gif ſae he incline,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

While young and fair
I'll make it my care,
To ſecure myſelf in a jo;
I'm no ſic a fool
To let my blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead *apes* below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly perſuade,
Tho' bluſhing, I daftly ſay, no,
Gae on with your ſtrain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,
Do what'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well,
Do better what will,
And let them lead *apes* below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious
That beauties upon us beſtow;
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be ſet up for a ſhow.

'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up your coats,
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where ſhe that's bonny
May catch a Johny,
And never lead *apes* below.

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

An old ballad.

'TWAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn;
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake!—ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain,
And aid the ſecret fears of night,
To fright the faithleſs man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win that virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why ſaid you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left theſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſwear my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Theſe lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding-ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and late adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,
And rais'd her gliſt'ring head;
Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb;
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs turf
That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more. D. M.

The COMPLAINT.

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
The weſtern cloud was lin'd with gold:
Clear was the ſky, the wind was ſtill,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold:
When in the ſilence of the grove,
Poor Damon thus deſpair'd of love.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe,
From the hard rock or oozy beach;
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain.
Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
Whoſe whole eſtate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and ſold!
They aſk no vows of ſacred truth;
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh to gold.
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove;—
Thus I am ſcorn'd,—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coaſt,
What wealth, what riches would ſuffice?
Yet India's ſhore ſhould never boaſt
The luſtre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap muſt prove;
Can I then buy—who have but love?

Then, Mary, ſince nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter ſelf compare,
Be juſt, as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore, a heart ſincere:
Let treaſure meaner beauties prove;
Who pays thy worth, muſt pay in love. X.

SONG.

Tune—*Montroſe's lines.*

I TOSS and tumble through the night,
And wiſh th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkneſs yields to light,
I'll baniſh care away;

But when the glorious ſun doth riſe,
And chear all nature round,
All thoughts of pleaſure in me dies;
My cares do ſtill abound.

My tortur'd and uneaſy mind
Bereaves me of my reſt;
My thoughts are to all pleaſure blind,
With care I'm ſtill oppreſt:
But had I her within my breaſt,
Who gives me ſo much pain,
My raptur'd ſoul would be at reſt,
And ſofteſt joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
Bleſs'd with fair Venus' charms,
Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter
In fair Alcmena's arms:
Paris, with Helen's beauty bleſs'd,
Wou'd be a jeſt to me;
If of her charms I were poſſeſs'd,
Thrice happier wou'd I be.

But ſince the gods do not ordain
Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainſt their will repine,
Who rule my deſtiny.
With ſprightly wine I'll drown my care,
And cheriſh up my ſoul;
Whene'er I think on my loſt fair,
I'll drown her in the bowl. I. H., *Jamaica.*

The DECEIVER.

WITH tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
Young Watty wan my heart;
A blyther lad ye cou'dna ſee,
All beauty without art.

His winning tale
Did ſoon prevail
To gain my fond belief;
But ſoon the ſwain
Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' Colin courts with tuneful ſang,
Yet few regard his mane:
The laſſes a' round Watty thrang,
While Colin's left alane:
In Aberdeen
Was never ſeen
A lad that gave ſic pain.
He daily wooes,
And ſtill purſues,
Till he does all, till he does all,
Till he does all obtain.

But ſoon as he has gain'd the bliſs,
Away then does he run,
And hardly will afford a kiſs
To ſilly me undone:
Bonny Katy,
Maggy, Beatty,
Avoid the roving ſwain;
His wily tongue
Be ſure to ſhun,
Or you like me, or you like me,
Like me will be undone.

SWEET SUSAN.

Tune—*Leader-haughs.*

I.

THE morn was fair, ſaft was the air,
All nature's ſweets were ſpringing;
The buds did bow with ſilver dew,
Ten thouſand birds were ſinging:
When on the bent, with blyth content,
Young Jamie ſang his marrow,
Nae bonnier laſs e'er trod the graſs,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

II.

How ſweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heav'nly beauty's planted;
Her ſmiling een, and comely mien
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bleſs my bonny marrow;
If her dear ſmile my doubts beguile,
My mind ſhall ken nae ſorrow.

III.

Yet tho' ſhe's fair, and has full ſhare
Of every charm inchanting,
Each good turns ill, and ſoon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny laſs! have but the grace
To think, ere ye gae furder,
Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
The crying ſin of murder.

IV.

My wand'ring ghaiſt will ne'er get reſt,
And night and day affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
I'll ſtudy to delight ye.

Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy ſhall borrow;
Thus none ſhall be more bleſs'd than we
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

V.

O ſweeteſt Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wiſhes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this beſt of bliſſes.
Thou art my ſun, and thy leaſt frown
Would blaſt me in the bloſſom:
But if thou ſhine, and make me thine,
I'll flouriſh in thy boſom.

COWDON-KNOWS.

WHEN ſummer comes, the ſwains on Tweed
Sing their ſucceſsful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And muſic fills the groves.

But my lov'd ſong is then the broom
So fair on Cowdon-knows;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half ſuch art.

He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-ſide,
Oh! how I bleſs'd the ſound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdon-knows;
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes ſo green and gay
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the buſh aboon Traquair.

More pleaſing far are Cowdon-knows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At even among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd Cowdon-knows. C.

SANDY and BETTY.

SANDY in Edinburgh was born,
As blyth a lad as e'er gade thence:
Betty did Staffordſhire adorn
With all that's lovely to the ſenſe.

Had Sandy ſtill remain'd at hame,
He had not blinkt on Betty's ſmile;
For why, he caught the gentle flame
On this ſide Tweed full many a mile.

She, like the fragrant violet,
Still flouriſh'd in her native mead:
He, like the ſtream, improving yet
The further from his fountain-head.

The ſtream muſt now no further ſtray;
A fountain fix'd by Venus' power
In his clear boſom, to diſplay
The beauties of his bord'ring flower.

When gracious Anna did unite
Two jarring nations into one,
She bade them mutually unite,
And make each other's good their own.

Henceforth let each returning year
The *roſe* and *thiſtle* bear one ſtem:
The *thiſtle* be the *roſe's* ſpear,
The *roſe* the *thiſtle's* diadem.

The queen of Britain's high decree,
The queen of love is bound to keep;
Anna, the ſovereign of the ſea,
Venus, the daughter of the deep. W. B.

ODE.

To Mrs. A. R.

Tune—*Love's goddeſs in a myrtle grove.*

NOW ſpring begins her ſmiling round,
And laviſh paints th' enamell'd ground;
The birds now lift their chearful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice:
The lovely *graces* hand in hand
Knit faſt in love's eternal band,
With early ſtep, at morning-dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where'er the youthful *ſiſters* move,
They fire the ſoul to genial love:
Now, by the river's painted ſide,
The ſwain delights his country-bride;

While pleas'd, ſhe hears his artleſs vows,
Each bird his feather'd conſort wooes:
Soon will the ripen'd ſummer yield
Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely ſhow!
With ruby-tinctur'd birth ſhall glow;
Sweet ſmells, from beds of lilies born,
Perfume the breezes of the morn:
The ſmiling day and dewy night
To rural ſcenes my fair invite;
With ſummer ſweets to feaſt her eye,
Yet ſoon, ſoon, will the ſummer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' inſtructive ſhow.
Now young and blooming thou appears,
All in the flouriſh of thy years:
The lovely bud ſhall ſoon diſcloſe
To every eye the bluſhing roſe;
Now, now the tender ſtalk is ſeen
With beauty freſh, and ever green.

But when the ſunny hours are paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt;
Let not the flatt'rer hope perſuade,
Ah! muſt I ſay, that it will fade?
For ſee the ſummer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Now winter from the frozen north
Drives ſwift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains
Fair Tweda's ſilver ſtream conſtrains.
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare;
Behold his footſteps dire are ſeen
Confeſs'd o'er ev'ry with'ring green;
Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee
A ſnowy wreath to clothe each tree.

Frequenting now the ſtream no more,
Thou flies, diſpleas'd, the frozen ſhore,
When thou ſhalt miſs the flowers that grew
But late, to charm thy raviſh'd view;
Then ſhall a ſigh thy ſoul invade,
And o'er thy pleaſures caſt a ſhade:
Shall I, ah! horrid! wilt thou ſay,
Be like to this ſome other day?

Yet when in ſnow and dreary froſt
The pleaſure of the fields is loſt,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires ſupply the diſtant ſun;
In gay delights our hours employ,
And do not loſe, but change our joy.
Happy! abandon every care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of ſacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
In cities thus, with witty friends,
In ſmiles the hoary ſeaſon ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale aſhy cheek is fled,
Then wrinkles dire, and age ſevere,
Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind diſarm,
Ah! muſt they never ceaſe to charm?
Or is there left ſome *pleaſing art*
To keep ſecure a captive heart?
Unhappy love! may lovers ſay,
Beauty, thy food, does ſwift decay;
When once that ſhort-liv'd ſtock is ſpent,
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good ſenſe with timeous care,
That love may live on wiſdom's fare:
Though *ecſtaſy* with *beauty* flies,
Eſteem is born when beauty dies.

Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richeſt gift in giving thee;
Thy beauty ſhall his youth engage,
Thy wiſdom ſhall delight his age.

HORACE, Book I. Ode II.

To W. D.

Tune—*Willy was a wanton wag.*

WILLY, ne'er enquire what end
The gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the ſearch, that but beſtows
The knowledge of our future woes!
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate aſſigns,
Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and inchanting wives.

Thy preſent years in mirth employ,
And conſecrate thy youth to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old ſcore
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this ſhall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the Pentland firth,
No more with Home the dance to lead;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's ſacred to the genial hour,
In flowing wine ſtill warm thy ſoul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold, the flying hour is loſt,
For time rides ever on the poſt,
Even while we ſpeak, even while we think,
And waits not for the ſtanding drink.

Collect thy joys each preſent day,
And live in youth, while beſt you may;
Have all your pleaſures at command,
Nor truſt one day in fortune's hand.
Then, Willy, be a wanton wag,
If ye wad pleaſe the laſſes braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.

The WIDOW.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her, you manna be blate,
Speak well, and do better, for that's the beſt gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good ſkair
Of everything lovely; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What cou'd you wiſh better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
With naething, but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport with the widow, my laddie?

Then till'er, and kill'er with courteſy dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while it's het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

The Highland Lassie.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they'r four and unco ſaucy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd highland laſſie.
O my bonny, bonny highland laſſie,
My hearty ſmiling highland laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

Than ony laſs in borrows town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak my Katy but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken buſh,
Whene'er I kiſs and court my dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wiſh,
My flightern heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bonnie, &c.

O'er higheſt heathery hills I'll ſtenn
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feaſt my laſs on diſhes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane ſhall dare by deed or word
'Gainſt her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my truſty ſword,
Or frae my ſide whiſk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom
And berries ripe, invite my treaſure
To range with me, let great folk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleaſure.

O my bonny, bonny highland laſſie,
My lovely ſmiling highland laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

JOCKY blyth and gay.

BLYTH Jocky young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis ſummer all the year.

When I and Jocky met
Firſt on the flow'ry dale,
Right ſweetly he me treat,
And love was all his tale.
You are the laſs, ſaid he,
That ſtaw my heart frae me;
O eaſe me of my pain,
And never ſhaw diſdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth
His love and courteſie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he firſt ſpake to me.
His ſuit I ill deny'd,
He kiſs'd, and I comply'd:
Sae Jocky promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when Jocky glooms,
But when he ſmiles 'tis day.

When our eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, ſigh, and faint;
What laſs that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind? Q.

Had away from me DONALD.

O COME away, come away,
Come away wi' me, Jenny;
Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
Whaſe ſmiles anes raviſh'd me, Jenny;
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought ſall alter me, Jenny;
For your the miſtreſs of my mind,
Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

Firſt when your ſweets enſlav'd my heart,
You ſeem'd to favour me, Jenny;
But now, alas! you act a part
That ſpeaks unconſtancy, Jenny;
Unconſtancy is ſic a vice,
'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny;
It ſuits not with your virtue nice
To carry ſae to me, Jenny.

Her ANSWER.

O HAD away, had away,
Had away frae me, Donald;
Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, Donald:
Some fickle miſtreſs you may find
Will jilt as faſt as thee, Donald;
To ilka ſwain ſhe will prove kind,
And nae leſs kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething ſuch,
'Tis fill'd with honeſty, Donald,
I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
I hate all levity, Donald.
Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For words of falſhood ill defend
A roving love like thine, Donald.

Firſt when you courted, I muſt own
I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
Apparent worth and fair renown
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Ilk virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
The man eſteem'd by me, Donald;
But now, the maſk fall'n aff, I ſcorn
To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had away,
Had away from me, Donald;
Gae ſeek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald;
For I'll reſerve myſell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald;
If ſic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and falſe report
Has only tald a lie, Jenny;
To try thy truth, and make us ſport,
The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and ſtill can love,
Then come away to me, Donald;
I'm well content, ne'er to repent
That I have ſmil'd on thee, Donald.

Todlen butt, and todlen ben.

WHEN I've a ſaxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Cou'dna my loove come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and ſend her good ſale,
She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippony chance to be ſma',
We'll tak a good ſcour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to ſleep,
And twa pint-ſtoups at our bed's feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay ſae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
When ſober, ſae ſour, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blyth ſight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep you come todlen hame. Z.

The auld Man's beſt Argument.

Tune—*Widow, are ye wawkin?*

O WHA's that at my chamber door?
"Fair widow, are ye wawkin?"
Auld carl, your ſuit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tawking.

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis ſic as he can bleſs the ſight
And boſom of a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in,
I'm pawky, wiſe, and thrifty,
And come of a right gentle kin,
I'm little mair than fifty."
Daft carl dit your mouth,
What ſignifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth?
In love you're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let theſe guineas ſpeak,
That powerfully plead clinkan,
And if they fail, my mouth I'll ſteek,
And nae mair love will think on."
Theſe court indeed, I maun confeſs,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expreſs
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

The peremptor Lover.

Tune—*John Anderſon, my jo.*

'TIS not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they cou'd never conquer yet,
Either my breaſt or brain:
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll ſcorn your ſlave to be,
Or doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No ſmoothed ſight, nor ſmiling frown,
Can ſatisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonicks play ſuch pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love, at leaſt, I will have thanks,
And ſomething elſe beſide.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I ſhall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll conſtant be;
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as ſoon as you.

Since our affections well ye know,
In equal terms do ſtand,
'Tis in your power to love or no,
Mine's likewiſe in my hand.
Diſpenſe with your auſterity,
Unconſtancy abhor,
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more. Q.

What's that to you?

Tune—*The glancing of her apron.*

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live lang ſummer-day,
Till we almoſt were ſpoil'd
At making of the hay:

Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow,
I whiſper'd ſomething in her ear;
But what's that to you?

Her ſtockings were of Kerſey green,
As tight as ony ſilk:
O ſic a leg was never ſeen,
Her ſkin was white as milk:
Her hair was black as ane could wiſh,
And ſweet, ſweet was her mou,
Oh! Jeany daintily can kiſs;
But what's that to you?

The roſe and lily baith combine
To make my Jeany fair,
There is nae benniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae care;
Only I fear my Jeany's face
May cauſe mae men to rue,
And that may gar me ſay, alas!
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that ſweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys theſe looks divine.
O do not proſtitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart ſhall ſwear,
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enow,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliſs mair true,
His joys were ſhort of mine;
And Jeany's happier than they,
She ſeldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I pay,
And what's that to you?

SONG.

To the abſent FLORINDA.

Tune—*Queen of Sheba's March.*

COME, Florinda, lovely charmer,
Come and fix this wav'ring heart;
Let thoſe eyes my ſoul rekindle,
Ere I feel ſome foreign dart.

Come, and with thy ſmiles ſecure me,
If this heart be worth thy care,
Favour'd by my dear Florinda,
I'll be true, as ſhe is fair.

Thouſand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breaſt aſſail;
Come and take me to thy boſom,
Ere my conſtant paſſion fail.

Come, and like the radiant morning,
On my ſoul ſerenely ſhine,
Then thoſe glimmering ſtars ſhall vaniſh,
Loſt in ſplendour more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
Long has felt the pleaſing pain,
Come, and with an equal paſſion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promiſe,
If our ſouls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

A Bacchanal SONG.

Tune—*Auld Sir Symon the King.*

COME here's to the nymph that I love
Away, ye vain ſorrows, away:
Far, far from me, ſorrows, begone,
All there ſhall be pleaſant and gay.

Far hence be the ſad and the penſive,
Come fill up the glaſſes around,
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain ſorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
With every gay blooming deſire,
My blood with briſk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleaſures my boſom inſpire.

My ſoul now to love is diſſolving,
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd claſp her, I'd claſp her ſo eager,
Of all her diſdain I'd diſarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here,
With his troops of vain cares in array?
Avaunt, idle penſive intruder,—
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come, give me a bumper;
Young Cupid, here's to thy confuſion.—
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquiſh'd,
Adieu to his anxious deluſion.

Come, jolly god Bacchus, here's to thee;
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza;
Sing Io, ſing Io to Bacchus—
Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what ſhould we do but be jovial?
Come tune up your voices and ſing;
What ſoul is ſo dull to be heavy,
When wine ſets our fancies on wing?

Come, Pegaſus lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young Perſeus,
Sublime we'll aſcend to the ſky.

Come mount, or adieu, I ariſe,
In ſeas of wide æther I'm drown'd;
The clouds far beneath me are ſailing,
I ſee the ſpheres whirling around.

What darkneſs, what rattling is this?
Thro' Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now,—oh my head it is knock'd
Upon ſome confounded new world.

Now, now theſe dark ſhades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a ſtar;
Where am I!—behold the Empyreum,
With flaming light ſtreaming from far. I. W. Q.

SONG.

To Mrs. A. C.

Tune—*All in the Downs.*

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing
Than can the lark, with riſing light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning ſhines, harmonious birds mount high:
The dawning beauty ſmiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
Th' inſpired thought, and ſofteſt lays;
And kindle in the breaſt a flame,
Which muſt be vented in her praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle ſhepherds, have you ſeen
E'er one ſo like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When ſhe appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and ſmiles the graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy neck and breaſt reſort.

But vain muſt every caution prove:
When ſuch inchanting ſweetneſs ſhines,
The wounded ſwain muſt yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Such flames the foppiſh butterfly ſhou'd ſhun;
The eagle's only fit to view the ſun.

She's as the op'ning lily fair;
Her lovely features are complete;
Whilſt heaven indulgent makes her ſhare
With angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural ſcenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if ſhe on him frown.
The muſe unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her name.

A Paſtoral Song.

Tune—*My apron, deary.*

JAMIE.

WHILE our flocks are a-feeding,
And we're void of care,
Come, Sandy, let's tune
To praiſe of the fair:
For, inſpir'd by my Suſie,
I'll ſing in ſuch lays,
That Pan, were he judge,
Muſt allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn
We ly at our eaſe,
By a muſical ſtream,
And refreſh'd by the breeze
Of a zephyr ſo gentle,
Yes, Jamie, I'll try
For to match you and Suſie,
Dear Katie and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my Suſie ſo lovely,
She's without compare,
She's ſo comely, ſo good,
And ſo charmingly fair:
Sure, the gods were at pains
To make ſo complete
A nymph, that for love
There was ne'er one ſo meet.

SANDY.

Oh my Katie's ſo bright,
She's ſo witty and gay;
Love, join'd with the graces,
Around her looks play.

In her mien ſhe's ſo graceful,
In her humour ſo free:
Sure the gods never fram'd
A maid fairer than ſhe.

JAMIE.

Had my Suſie been there,
When the ſhepherd declared
For the lady of Lemnos,
She had loſt his regard:
And o'ercome by a preſence
More beauteouſly bright,
He had own'd her outdone,
As the darkneſs by light.

SANDY.

Not fair Helen of Greece,
Nor all the whole train,
Either of real beauties,
Or thoſe poets feign,
Cou'd be match'd with my Katie,
Whoſe ev'ry ſweet charm
May conquer beſt judges,
And coldeſt hearts warm.

JAMIE.

Neither riches nor honour,
Or any thing great,
Do I aſk of the gods,
But that this be my fate,
That my Suſie to all
My kind wiſhes comply:
For with her wou'd I live,
And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

If the fates give me Katie,
And her I enjoy,

I have all my deſires;
Nought can me annoy:
For my charmer has ev'ry
Delight in ſuch ſtore,
She'll make me more happy
Than ſwain e'er before.

Love will find out the way.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves:
Over the floods that are deepeſt,
Which do Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are ſteepeſt,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to ly;
Where there is no ſpace
For the receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Leſt herſelf faſt ſhe lay:
But if love come, he will enter,
And ſoon find out his way.

You may eſteem him
A child in his force;
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worſe:
But if ſhe, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thouſand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to loſe him,
Which is too unkind;
And ſome do ſuppoſe him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er ſo cloſe ye wall him,
Do the beſt that ye may,
Blind love, if ſo ye call him,
He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To ſtoop to your fiſt;
Or you may inveigle
The Phœnix of the eaſt;
The lioneſs, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you'll never ſtop a lover,
He will find out his way.

SONG.

Tune—*Throw the wood, laddie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the firſt of ſweet May,
Beneath a ſteep mountain,
Beſide a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute ſoft melody play,
Whilſt the echo reſounded the dolorous lay.

I liſten'd, and look'd, and ſpy'd a young ſwain,
With aſpect diſtreſſed,
And ſpirits oppreſſed,
Seem'd clearing afreſh, like the ſky after rain,
And thus he diſcover'd how he ſtrave with his pain.

Tho' Eliſa be coy, why ſhou'd I repine,
That a maid much above me,
Vouchſafes not to love me?
In her high ſphere of worth I never could ſhine;
Then why ſhould I ſeek to debaſe her to mine?

No: henceforth eſteem ſhall govern my deſire,
And, in due ſubjection,
Retain warm affection;
To ſhew that ſelf-love inflames not my fire,
And that no other ſwain can more humbly admire.

When paſſion ſhall ceaſe to rage in my breaſt,
Then quiet returning,
Shall huſh my ſad mourning;
And, lord of myſelf, in abſolute reſt,
I'll hug the condition which heav'n ſhall think beſt.

Thus friendſhip unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
May ſtill be reſpected,
Tho' love is rejected:
Eliſa ſhall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
That ſhe ne'er had a friend like her lover reſign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter ſhall woo
With proſp'rous endeavour,
And gain her dear favour,
Know, as well as I, what t' Eliſa is due,
Be much more deſerving, but never leſs true.

Whilſt I, diſengag'd from all amorous cares,
Sweet liberty taſting,
On calmeſt peace feaſting,
Employing my reaſon to dry up my tears,
In hopes of heav'n's bliſſes I'll ſpend my few years.

Ye pow'rs, that preſide o'er virtuous love,
Come aid me with patience,
To bear my vexations;
With equal deſires my flutt'ring heart move,
With ſentiments pureſt my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
May courage protect me,
And prudence direct me;
Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the ſwain,
Who grew happily wife, after loving in vain.

Rob's Jock. A very auld Ballat.

ROB'S Jock came to woo our Jenny,
On ae feaſt-day when we were fou;
She brankit faſt and made her bonny,
And ſaid, Jock, come ye here to woo?
She burniſt her baith breaſt and brou,
And made her clear as ony cloak:
Then ſpake her dame, and ſaid, I trou
Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock ſaid, Forſuith, I yern fu' fain
To luk my head, and ſit down by you:
Then ſpak her minny, and ſaid again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gi'e you.
Tehie! quo' Jenny, kick, kick, I ſee you:
Minny, yon man makes but a mock.
Deil hae the liers—fu lies me o' you,
I come to woo your Jenny, quo' Jock.—

My bairn has tocher of her awin:
A guſe, a gryce, a cock and hen,
A ſtirk, a ſtaig, an acre ſawin,
A bakbread and a bannock-ſtane;
A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
A kame but a kaming-ſtock;
With coags and luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peat-creel, and a cradle,
A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
An ark, an ambray, and a ladle,
A milſie, and a ſowen-pail,
A rouſty whittle to ſhear the kail,
And a timber mell the bear to knock,
Twa ſhelfs made of an auld fir-dale:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A ſurm, a ſurlet, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
A tub, a barrow, and a ſeck,
A ſpurtil-braid, and an elwand.
Then Jock took Jenny be the hand,
And cry'd a feaſt! and ſlew a cock,
And made a bridle upo' land,
Now I have got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame I have your daughter marri'd,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er ſae tough,
I let you wit ſhe's nae miſcarried,
It's we'll kend I have gear enough:
Ane auld gaw'd gloyd fell o'er a heugh,
A ſpade, a ſpit, a ſpur, a ſock;
Withouten owſen I have a plough:
May that no ſer your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A treen truncher, a ram-horn ſpoon,
Twa buits of barkit, blaſint leather,
A graith that ganes to coble ſhoon,
And a thrawcruik to twyne a teather,
Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,
A pair of branks, and a fetter lock,
A teugh purſe made of a ſwine's blather,
To had your tocher, Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding for our winter-fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to clat the bire,
A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
The pannel of an auld led-ſaddle,
And Rob my eem heckt me a ſtock,
Twa luſty lips to lick a laddle.
May thir no gain your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
A ſark made of the linkome twine,
A gay green cloak that will not ſtenzie;

Mair yet in ſtore, I needna fenzie,
Five hundred ſlaes, a fendy flock;
And are not thae a wakriſe menzie,
To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak thir for my part of the feaſt,
It is well knawin I am well bodin:
Ye need not ſay my part is leaſt,
Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
The wife ſpeer'd gin the kail were ſodin,
When we have done, tak hame the brock;
The roſt was teugh as raploch hodin,
With which they feaſted Jenny and Jock. Z.

SONG.

Tune—*A rock and a wee pickle tow.*

I HAVE a green purſe, and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land and planting on't,
It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has ſtow'd;
But the beſt thing of a's yet wanting on't.
To grace it, and trace it,
And gie me delight;
To bleſs me, and kiſs me,
And comfort my ſight,
With beauty by day, and kindneſs by night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſauntring on't.

My Chriſty ſhe's charming and good as ſhe's fair;
Her een and her mouth are inchanting ſweet,
She ſmiles me on fire, her frowns gie deſpair:
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt, and deareſt,
Delight of my mind,
Whoſe gracious embraces
By heaven were deſigned
For happieſt tranſports, and bleſſes refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting ſweet.

For thee, bonny Chriſty, my ſhepherds and hinds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine:
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days ſhall with pleaſure and plenty ſhine.
Then hear me, and chear me
With ſmiling conſent,
Believe me, and give me
No cauſe to lament,
Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou ſay, *Content,*
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, *and he ſhall be mine.*

SONG.

To its ain tune.

ALTHO' I be but a country-laſs,
Yet a lofty mind I bear—O,
And think myſell as good as thoſe
That rich apparel wear—O.
Altho' my gown be hame-ſpun grey,
My ſkin it is as ſaft—O.
As them that ſattin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft—O.

What tho' I keep my father's ſheep,
The thing that muſt be done—O,
With garlands of the fineſt flowers,
To ſhade me frae the ſun—O.
When they are feeding pleaſantly,
Where graſs and flowers do ſpring—O,
Then on a flowery bank at noon,
I ſet me down and ſing—O.

My Paiſly piggy, cork'd with ſage,
Contains my drink but thin—O;
No wines do e'er my brains enrage,
Or tempt my mind to ſin—O.

My country-curds, and wooden ſpoon,
I think them unco fine—O,
And on a flowery bank at noon,
I ſet me down and dine—O.

Altho' my parents cannot raiſe
Great bags of ſhining gold—O,
Like them whaſe daughters, now a-days,
Like ſwine are bought and ſold—O;
Yet my fair body it ſhall keep
An honeſt heart within—O;
And for twice fifty thouſand crowns,
I value not a prin—O.

I uſe nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck—O,
Nor ſhining rings upon my hands,
My fingers ſtreight to deck—O;
But for that lad to me ſhall fa',
And I have grace to wed—O,
I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead—O.

If canny fortune give to me
The man I dearly love—O,
Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O,
Expecting for a bleſſing ſtill
Deſcending from above—O,
Then we'll embrace, and ſweetly kiſs,
Repeating tales of love—O.

Waly, waly, gin love be bonny.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-ſide,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty tree,
But firſt it bow'd, and ſyne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning-dew.
O wherefore ſhould I buſk my head?
Or wherefore ſhou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat ſhall be my bed,
The ſheets ſhall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
Saint Anton's well ſhall be my drink,
Since my true love has forſaken me.
Martinmas wind when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemency:
'Tis not ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glaſgow town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I myſell in cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd,
That love had been ſae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a caſe of gold,
And pinn'd it with a ſilver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee,
And I myſell were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be. Z.

The loving Laſs and Spinning-Wheel.

AS I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was paſſing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For trouth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

With looks all kindneſs he drew near,
And ſtill mair lovely did appear;
And round about my ſlender waſte
He claſp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiſs my hand, ſyne down did kneel,
As I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers lang and ſmall,
And ſaid there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.
Theſe words into my heart did ſteal,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

Altho' I ſeemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But ſtill declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded ſair:
That I my love cou'd ſcarce conceal,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my ſpinning-wheel;
He bid me leave them all with ſpeed,
And gang with him to yonder mead.
My yielding heart ſtrange flames did feel,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whiſper'd, Riſe, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In troth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my ſpinning-wheel.

Amang the pleaſing cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay;
What laſſie, young and faſt as I,
Cou'd ſic a handſome lad deny?
Theſe pleaſures I cannot reveal,
That far ſurpaſt the ſpinning-wheel.

On the Marriage of the R. H. Lord G—— and Lady K—— C——.

SONG.

Tune—*The highland laddie.*

BRIGANTIUS.

NOW all thy virgin-ſweets are mine,
And all the ſhining charms that grace thee:
My fair Melinda, come, recline
Upon my breaſt, while I embrace thee,
And tell without diſſembling art,
My happy raptures in thy boſom:
Thus will I plant within thy heart,
A love that ſhall for ever bloſſom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the gods well pleas'd behold ye;
Their work admire, ſo great, ſo fair,
And well in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I bluſh, now that I'm thine,
To own my love in tranſport tender,
Since that ſo brave a man is mine,
To my Brigantius I ſurrender.
By ſacred ties I'm now to move
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
And while my ſmiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatneſs ſhall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew,
New life on blowing flowers beſtowing;
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
To heaven, with grateful ſpirit glowing.
My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
Thou dear delight, my chiefeſt treaſure,
Shall be employ'd as thou thinks fit,
As agents for our love and pleaſure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my Brigantius I could live
In lonely cotts, beſide a mountain,
And nature's eaſy wants relieve
With ſhepherd's fare, and quaff the fountain.

What pleaſes thee, the rural grove,
Or congreſs of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleaſure with thy love,
In plains retir'd, or ſocial city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How ſweetly canſt thou charm my ſoul,
O lovely ſum of my deſires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
Thy virtue all that's good inſpires.
Tune every inſtrument of ſound,
Which all thy mind divinely raiſes,
Till every height and dale rebounds,
Both loud and ſweet, my darling's praiſes.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brighteſt ſhine,
My happineſs is now completed,
Since all that's generous, great, and fine,
In my Brigantius is united;
For which I'll ſtudy thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling,
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a conſtant ſmiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

SONG.

Tune—*Wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

ADIEU, ye pleaſant ſports and plays,
Farewell each ſong that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I ſing of Delia and Damon's parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear, tormenting, pleaſant paſſion,
Till Delia's mildneſs had prevail'd
On him to ſhew his inclination.

Juſt as the fair one ſeem'd to give
A patient ear to his love ſtory,
Damon muſt his Delia leave,
To go in queſt of toilſome glory.

Half-ſpoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the uſual meeting;
And ſighs ſupply'd their wonted ſong,
Theſe charming ſouls were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my ſoul, adieu:
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me;
While Damon lives, he lives for you,
No other charms ſhall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From Delia, but you may deceive her?
The thought deſtroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me. H.

O'er the hills and far away.

JOCKY met with Jenny fair,
Aft be the dawning of the day;
But Jocky now is fu' of care,
Since Jenny ſtaw his heart away:
Altho' ſhe promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake! unkind;
Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.
And *it's o'er the hills and far away,*
It's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad,
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since Jenny has gart him deſpair.
Young Jocky was a piper's ſon,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the ſprings that he cou'd play,
Was *o'er the hills and far away.*
And *it's o'er the hills*, &c.

He ſung—when firſt my Jenny's face
I ſaw, ſhe ſeem'd ſae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with ſorrow kill'd.
Oh! was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my deſpair,
Inſtead of that ſhe is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And *it's o'er the hills*, &c.

Ah! cou'd ſhe find the diſmal wae,
That for her ſake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chuſe but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief:

But oh! ſhe is as fauſe as fair,
Which cauſes a' my ſighs and care;
But ſhe triumphs in proud diſdain,
And takes a pleaſure in my pain.
And *it's o'er the hills*, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
With ane that does ſae faithleſs prove.
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my conſtant heart betray'd.
A thouſand times to me ſhe ſware,
She wad be true for evermair;
But, to my grief, alake, I ſay,
She ſtaw my heart and ran away.
And *it's o'er the hills*, &c.

Since that ſhe will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her ſake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll ſighing ſing, Adieu to love;
Since ſhe is fauſe whom I adore,
I'll never truſt a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll ſweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away. Z.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye Jenny Nettles
Coming frae the market?

Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a babie in her oxter?

I met ayont the kairny,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
Robin Rattle's baſtard;
To flee the dool upo' the ſtool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about ſeeks Robin out,
To ſtap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Uſe Jenny Nettles kindly:
Score out the blame, and ſhun the ſhame,
And without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wean, make Jenny fain
The leel and leeſome gate o't.

JOCKY'S fou, and JENNY'S fain.

JOCKY fou, Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
She was couthy, he was kind,
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me love at ony price;
I winna prig for red or whyt,
Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others ſeek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a' that;

Give me love, for her I court:
Love in love makes a' the ſport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common motives lang ſinſyne,
Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy firſt approve.

It is na meat, but appetite
That makes our eating a delyt;
Beauty is at beſt deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat. Q.

LEADER-HAUGHS and YARROW.

WHEN Phœbus bright the azure ſkies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties riſe,
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth:
Amongſt all thoſe he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams and ſilver ſtreams,
Are Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld froſty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
Caſts aff her former ſorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres ſell
In Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And ſhepherds him attending,
Do here reſort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending;

With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the ſun, Good-morrow,
And ſwear nae fields mair pleaſures yield
Than Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

An houſe there ſtands on Leader ſide,
Surmounting my deſcriving,
With rooms ſae rare, and windows fair,
Like Dedalus' contriving:
Men paſſing by, do aften cry,
In ſooth it hath nae marrow;
It ſtands as ſweet on Leader ſide,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, wha liſts to ride,
They'll hear the mavis ſinging;
Into St. Leonard's banks ſhe'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging:
The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they ſing,
As ſweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing ſhe ſporteth.
By vows ſhe'll flee far frae the tree
Where Philomel reſorteth:
By break of day, the lark can ſay,
I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll ſtreek my wing, and mounting ſing,
O'er Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
The eaſt and weſtern Mainſes,
The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
The corns are good in Blainſhes,
Where aits are fine, and fald be kind,
That if ye ſearch all thorow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn Mill-bog and Whitflade ſhaws,
The fearful hare ſhe haunteth,
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodſheil ſhe knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth.
Yet when ſhe irks, to Kaidſly birks
She rins, and ſighs for ſorrow,
That ſhe ſhould leave ſweet Leader-haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What ſweeter muſic wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The ſtarted hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her ſpeed relying.
But yet her ſtrength it fails at length,
Nae beilding can ſhe borrow
In Sorrel's field, Cleckman or Hag's,
And ſighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,
With ſight and ſcent purſue her,
Till ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can reſcue her.
O'er dub and dyke, o'er ſeugh and ſyke,
She'll run the fields all thorow,
Till fail'd ſhe fa's in Leader-haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erflington and Cowden-knows,
Where Homes had anes commanding:
And Drygrange with thy milk-white ewes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader ſtanding:
The bird that flies through Reedpath trees,
And Gledſwood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and ſing, Sweet Leader-haughs,
And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But minſtrel Burn cannot aſſwage
His grief, while life endureth,
To ſee the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth;

For mony a place ſtands in hard caſe,
Where blyth fowk kend nae ſorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader ſide,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

For the ſake of Somebody.

FOR the ſake of ſomebody,
For the ſake of ſomebody,
I cou'd wake a winter-night,
For the ſake of ſomebody:
I am gawn to ſeek a wife,
I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
I have three ſtane of woo,
Carling, is thy daughter ready?
For the ſake of ſomebody, &c.

Betty, laſſie, ſay't thy ſell,
Tho' thy dame be ill to ſhoo,
Firſt we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her flyte and ſyne come too:
What ſignifies a mither's gloom,
When love in kiſſes come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in ſimmer mak nae hay?
For the ſake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I care na by,
Tho' I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
The ha'f-mark bridal band wi' me;
I'll ſlip hame, and waſh my feet,
And ſteal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the tryſting-place we'll meet,
To do but what my dame has done.
For the ſake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely Betty gives
  Conſent in ſic a heartſome gate,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
  And doubts that gart me aft look blate;
Then let us gang and get the grace,
  For they that have an appetite
Shou'd eat;—and lovers ſhou'd embrace;
  If theſe be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
For the ſake, &c.

Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny.

A SOUTHLAND Jenny that was right bonny,
  Had for a ſuitor a norland Jonny;
But he was ſican a baſhfu' wooer,
That he cou'd ſcarcely ſpeak unto her,
Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her ſiller,
Forc'd him at laſt to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

SHE.

Come, come away then, my norland laddie,
Tho' we gang neatly, ſome are mair gaudy;
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
Come and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

Ye laſſes of the ſouth, ye're a' for dreſſing;
Laſſes of the north mind milking and threſhing:
My minny wad be angry, and ſae wad my daddy,
Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.
For I maun hae a wife that will riſe in the morning,
Crudle a' the milk, and keep the houſe a-ſcaulding,
Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
A norland Jocky maun hae a norland Jenny.

SHE.

My father's only daughter and twenty thouſand pound,
Shall never be beſtow'd on ſic a ſilly clown;
For a' that I ſaid was to try what was in ye,
Gae hame, ye norland Jock, and court your norland Jenny. Z.

The auld yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie ſat down on yon brae,
Cries, Milk the ews, laſſie, let nane of them gae;
And ay ſhe milked, and ay ſhe ſang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie ſhall be my goodman.
And ay ſhe milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in:
They winna bught in tho' I ſhould die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me:
They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the houſe, Jenny, come ben,
The cheeſe is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.
Tho' butter, and cheeſe, and a' ſhou'd four,
I'll crack and kiſs wi' my love ae ha'f-hour;
It's ae ha'f-hour, and we's e'en make it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my huſband ſhall be.

SONG.

Tune—BOOTH'S *Minuet.*

FAIR, ſweet, and young, receive a prize,
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crouds whom at your feet you ſee,
Oh! pity, and diſtinguiſh me.

No graces can your form improve;
But all are loſt unleſs you love:
If that dear paſſion you diſdain,
Your charms and beauty are in vain. X.

Part of an EPILOGUE, *ſung after the acting of the* ORPHAN *and* GENTLE SHEPHERD *in* Taylors-hall, *by a ſet of young gentlemen*, Jan. 22, 1729.

Tune—*Beſſy Bell.*

THUS let's ſtudy night and day,
To fit us for our ſtation,
That when we're men, we parts may play
Are uſeful to our nation.
For now's the time, when we are young,
To fix our views on merit,
Water its buds, and make the tongue
And actions ſuit the ſpirit.

This all the fair and wiſe approve,
We know it by your ſmiling,
And while we gain reſpect and love,
Our ſtudies are not toiling.
Such application gives delight,
And in the end proves gainful,
Tho' many a dark and lifeleſs wight
May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
And care, when thus employ'd,
Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
When youth's by ſloth deſtroy'd;
'Tis only active ſouls can riſe
To fame, and all that's ſplendid,
And favour in theſe conquering eyes,
'Gainſt whom no heart's defended.

The generous Gentleman. A SANG.

Tune—*The bonny lafs of Brankſome.*

AS I came in by Teviot-ſide,
And by the braes of Brankſome,
There firſt I ſaw my bonnie bride,
Young, ſmiling, ſweet, and handſome;
Her ſkin was ſafter than the down,
And white as alabaſter;
Her hair a ſhining wavy brown,
In ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſs'd her:

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were ſurpriſing,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breaſts juſt riſing:
Nae ſilken hoſe, with gooſhets fine,
Or ſhoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg, forbade to ſhine,
Well ſhapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was ſum of a' her claithing;
Even thae's o'er meikle; mair delyte
She'd given cled with naething:
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glower'd my ſaul away,
While on her ſweets I doted.

A thouſand beauties of deſert
Before had ſcarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artleſs ſtruck my heart,
And, bot deſigning, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, cloſe to my breaſt
I graſp'd this ſund of bliſſes;
Wha ſmil'd, and ſaid, Without a prieſt,
Sir, hope for nought but kiſſes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her;
What ſhe demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I ſhou'd grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighting her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

The happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noiſe of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his ſafe retreat
Is pleaſed with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From ſtrife, from care and bus'neſs free,
At once baith good and great!

No drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noiſy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind:
No trumpets rouſe him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;
From ſtate intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His ſmall paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds:
Each ſeaſon of the wheeling year,
Induſtrious he improves with care;
And ſtill ſome ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver ſtream he lies,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the ſylvan ſcene he tries,
His ſpirit to regale:
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muſe,
That waits his honeſt call.

Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No care his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor does he paſs his time in toys
Beneath his juſt regard:
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To plant and ſned his tender trees:
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys the ſweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and ſilent coves,
The ſcenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wiſh'd delight:
But O! how pleaſant is this life,
Bleſs'd with a chaſte and virtuous wife,
And children prattling, void of ſtrife,
Around his fire at night.

WILLY was a wanton Wag.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
The blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa:
His doublet was of Zetland ſhag,
And wow! but Willy he was braw,
And at his ſhouder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-ſhaw,
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale-ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are fair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, Well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing Willy's ſhanks are fair,
And I am come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs, like Willy, ye advance;
(O! Willy has a wanton leg;)

For wi't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremoſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling. W. W.

CELIA'S Reflections on herſelf for ſlighting PHILANDER'S Love.

Tune—*The gallant ſhoemaker.*

YOUNG Philander woo'd me lang,
But I was peeviſh and forbad him,
I wadna' tent his loving ſang;
But now I wiſh, I wiſh I had him:
Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when the wrinkles ſeize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and flying,
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying.
Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be,
Like ſummer-fruit that is unſhaken;
When ripe, they ſoon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
But five and twenty is the devil.
Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
Women are like other fruit,
They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,
You'll find it hard to be regained;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
Tho' but myſell nane can be blamed:
If then your fortune you reſpect,
Take the occaſion when it offers;
Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,
Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by his fond expreſſions, thought,
That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And, paſt my hope, he's gane a-ranging.
Dear maidens, then take my advice,
And let na coyneſs prove your ruin;
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
Your ſuitors will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
As lang as life; and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
A puniſhment, and hated brand,
With which nane of us are contented;
Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
That the miſtake may be prevented.

The young Ladies' Thanks to the repenting Virgin, for her ſeaſonable Advice.

O VIRGIN kind! we canna tell
How many many thanks we owe you,
For pointing out to us ſae well
Thoſe very rocks that did o'erthrow you;

And we your leſſon ſae ſhall mind,
That e'en tho' a' our kin had ſwore it,
Ere we ſhall be an hour behind,
We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our ſails,
And ſtill keep out our flag and pinnet;
If young Philander anes aſſails
To ſtorm love's fort, then he ſhall win it:
We may indeed, for modeſty,
Preſent our forces for reſiſtance;
But we ſhall quickly lay them by,
And contribute to his aſſiſtance.

The Stepdaughter's Relief.

Tune—*The kirk wad let me be.*

I WAS anes a well tocher'd laſs,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor paſs,
My ſtepdame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And ſhe plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor ſhame,
And keeps the hale houſe in a ſteer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftleſs, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, ha'f naked, and cauld,
I ſee her deſtroy what's mine:
But ſoon I might hope a revenge,
And ſoon of my ſorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If ſhe were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny laſs tenderly,
I'll take thee, ſweet May, in thy ſnood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only yourſell that I want,
Your kindneſs is better to me
Than a' that your ſtepmother, ſcant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the ſprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard;
Ye ſhall have naething to faſh ye,
Sax ſervants ſhall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my laſſie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reaſon employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiſs,
Conſented;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
And joking her drunken ſtepdame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

JEANY, where has thou been?

O JEANY, Jeany, where has thou been?
Father and mother are ſeeking of thee;
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping of Jocky company.
O Betty, *I've been to hear the mill clack,*
Getting meal ground for the family;
As fow as it gade I brang hame the ſack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back,
The miller's a wanton billy, and flee;
Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what-reck,
I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.
And, Betty, ye ſpread your linen to bleach,
When that was done, where cou'd you be?
Ha! laſs, I ſaw ye ſlip down the hedge,
And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gaed to the kirk;
But when it ſkail'd, where cou'd thou be?
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
They ſay the kiſſing clerk came wi' ye.
O ſilly laſſie, what wilt thou do?
If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
Look to yourſell, if Jock prove true:
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free. Q.

SONG.

Tune—*Laſt time I came o'er the moor.*

YE blytheſt lads and laſſes gay,
Hear what my ſang diſcloſes.
As I ae morning ſleeping lay
Upon a bank of roſes,
Young Jamie whiſking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And ſaftly ſat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But with a frown my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him:

But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my ſide down lying,
His beating heart thumped ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry paſſion feigning,
I aften roughly ſhot him by,
With words full of diſdaining.
Poor Jamie bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much diſcontented;
But I in truth, for a' my ſins,
Ne'er haff ſae fair repented. X.

The Cock Laird.

A Cock laird fou cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, he kiſs'd her,
And ca'd her his ſweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thouſe be my ain lemman,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye maunna fail
To feaſt me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearling ſet round,
A ſkirt of puddy,
And a waſtecoat of brown.

Awa with ſic vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdſhip can yield me
As meikle a-year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit bear:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The borrowſtoun merchants
Will ſell ye on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Albeit they ſoud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are ſet free,
When we make them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth ſhe.

The Soger Laddie.

MY ſoger laddie is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady;
My bleſſing gang with my ſoger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſoger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is ſteady,
There's few to compare with my ſoger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;

Syne frae all my care he'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my wiſhes my ſoger ye gie me.

O ſoon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they muſt, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my ſoger laddie.

The ARCHERS' March.

SOUND, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praiſe of archery:
Its origin divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generouſly inclines us
To guard our liberty.

Art by the gods employed,
By which heroes enjoyed,
By which heroes enjoyed
The wreaths of victory.
The deity of Parnaſſus,
The god of ſoft careſſes,
Chaſte Cynthia and her laſſes,
Delight in archery.

See, ſee yon bow extended!
'Tis Jove himſelf that bends it,
'Tis Jove himſelf that bends it,
O'er clouds on high it glows.
All nations, Turks and Parthians,
The Tartars and the Scythians,
The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,
With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us
In martial archery:
With ſhafts our fires engaging,
Oppos'd the Romans raging,
Defeat the fierce Norvegian,
And ſpared few Danes to flee.

Witneſs Largs and Loncartie,
Dunkel and Aberlemny,
Dunkel and Aberlemny,
Roſlin and Bannockburn,
The Cheviots——all the border,
Were bowmen in brave order,
Told enemies, if furder
They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praiſe of archery:
Us'd as a game it pleaſes,
The mind to joy it raiſes,
And throws off all diſeaſes
Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
With healthful harmony:
The ſun in glory glowing,
With morning-dew beſtowing,
Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
An hearty band and loyal,
An hearty band and loyal,
That in juſt thoughts agree:

Appear in ancient bravery,
Deſpiſing all baſe knavery,
Which tends to bring in ſlavery
Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Health and proſperity
T' our great CHIEF and *Officers*,
T' our *Preſident* and *Counſellors:*
To all, who, like their brave forbears,
Delight in archery.

Largs, where the Norwegians, headed by their valiant King HACO, were, *anno* 1263, totally defeated by ALEXANDER III. King of Scots; the heroic ALEXANDER, Great Steward of Scotland, commanded the right wing.

Loncartie, near Perth, where King KENNETH III. obtained the victory over the Danes, which was principally owing to the valour and reſolution of the firſt brave HAY, and his two ſons.

Dunkel, here, and in Kyle, and on the banks of Tay, our great King CORBREDUS GALDUS, in three battles, overthrew 30,000 Romans, in the reign of the Emperor DOMITIAN.

Aberlemny, four miles from Brechin, where King MALCOLM II. obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of Danes, Norwegians, and Cumbrians, etc., commanded by SUENO, King of Denmark, and his warlike ſon Prince CANUTE.

Roſlin, about five miles ſouth of Edinburgh, where 10,000 Scots, led by Sir JOHN CUMIN and Sir SIMON FRASER, defeated in three battles, in one day, 30,000 of their enemies, *anno* 1303.

The battles of Bannockburn and Cheviot, etc., are ſo well known, that they require no notes.

The following SONGS *ſung in their proper places, at acting of the* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SANG I.

The wawking of the faulds.

Sung by PATIE.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair, to lay my care.
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me ſic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſs'd,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

SANG II.

Fy gar rub her o'er with ſtrae.

Sung by PATIE.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe;—then be not blate,
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een.
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſs'd,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.

SANG III.

Polwart on the green.

Sung by PEGGY.

THE dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laugh'd at by the lave;
They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt:
Thus, by itſell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG IV.

O dear mother, what ſhall I do?

Sung by JENNY.

O DEAR Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you.
Laſſes, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd;
Running to a life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG V.

How can I be ſad on my wedding day?

Sung by PEGGY.

HOW ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than any of thae
Sour weak ſilly fellows, that ſtudy like fools
To ſink their ain joy, and make their wives ſnools?
The man who is prudent, ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

SANG VI.

Nancy's to the greenwood gane.

Sung by JENNY.

I YIELD, dear laſſie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love, nae thinker heeds us;
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-ſtrings leads us.

SANG VII.

Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

Sung by GLAUD or SYMON.

CAULD be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody,
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.
Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high his ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

SANG VIII.

Mucking of Geordy's byre.

Sung by SYMON.

THE laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
To riſe aboon poverty:

Elſe, like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

SANG IX.

Carle and the King come.

Sung by MAUSE.

PEGGY, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies thou ſhalt milk,
But change thy plaiding coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the king's come.

SANG X.

Winter was cauld, and my claithing was thin.

Sung by PEGGY and PATIE.

PEGGY.

WHEN firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me.
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and ſweet riſing fells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay ſain:
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me,
For nane can put, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny ſings ſaftly the *Cowden broom-knows*,
And Roſie lilts ſweetly the *Milking the ews;*
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can ſing,
At *Throw the wood laddie*, Beſs gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy ſings with better ſkill,
The *Boat-man*, *Tweed-ſide*, or the *Laſs of the mill*,
'Tis many times ſweeter and pleaſing to me:
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire?
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire:
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

SANG XI.

By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth.

Sung by PATIE and PEGGY.

Printed in the PASTORAL, *and in this* MISCELLANY, Vol I., p. 77.

SANG XII.

Happy Clown.

Sung by Sir WILLIAM.

HID from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,

And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks:
Healthful, and innocently gay
He chants, and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile and then betray,
Like courtly weather-cocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocriſie,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unſully'd with a crime:
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

SANG XIII.

Leith-Wynd.

Sung by JENNY and ROGER.

WERE I aſſur'd you'll conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain,
The eaſy maid, beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline;
The pleaſure ſtrikes me nearhand dead!
Is Jenny then ſae kind!——

O let me briſs thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytful thought! we'll never part:
Come preſs thy mouth to mine.

SANG XIV.

O'er Bogie.

Sung by JENNY.

WELL, I agree, you're ſure of me;
Next to my father gae,
Make him content to give conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, or learn to change,
Like thoſe in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

SANG XV.

Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen.

Sung by Sir WILLIAM.

NOW from ruſticity, and love,
Whoſe flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle ſhepherd muſt be drove,
His ſoul muſt take another turn:

As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breaking only ſhews its light,
Till poliſhing has made it ſhine;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG XVI.

Kirk wad let me be.

Sung by PATIE.

DUTY and part of reaſon
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon;
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd:
For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſhood repels;
For change on my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

SANG XVII.

Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Sung by PEGGY.

SPEAK on,—ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate muſt from his Peggy ſunder.
A gentler face, and ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake poor me! will now conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praiſes tell;
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee *while aſleep,*
And wonder *at thy manly beauty?*
Hear, heaven, *while ſolemnly I vow,*
Tho' thou *ſhouldſt prove a wand'ring love*
Through life to thee *I ſhall prove true,*
Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII.

Tweed-ſide.

Sung by PEGGY.

WHEN hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſav't for thy ſake.
Where-e'er my love travels by day,
Where-ever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in thoſe arms.

Whilſt thou waſt a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only ſkin-deep,
Muſt fade like the gowans in May;
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the huſband have ſenſe to approve.

SANG XIX.

Buſh aboon Traquair.

Sung by PEGGY.

AT ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll viſit oft the birken buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood, ſhaw, or fountain;
Or where the ſummer-day I'd ſhare
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX.

Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

Sung by Sir WILLIAM.

THE bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray,
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

On our Ladies being dreſſed in SCOTS manufactory, at a public Aſſembly.

SONG.

Tune—*O'er the hills and far away.*

LET meaner beauties uſe their art,
And range both Indies for their dreſs,
Our fair can captivate the heart
In native weeds, nor look the leſs.

More bright unborrow'd beauties ſhine,
The artleſs ſweetneſs of each face
Sparkles with luſtres more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on ſcorching plains,
May uſe the aid of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and Tyrian ſtains
Features of ruder form and taint.
What Caledonian ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woollen twine,
Adorn'd by all their ſweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dreſs may lovers cool;
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linen, ſilk or wool.
T' adore Myrtilla who can ceaſe?
Her *active charms* our praiſe demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,
Spun by her own delighted hand.

Who can behold Caliſta's eyes,
Her breaſt, her cheek, and ſnowy arms,
And mind what artiſts can deviſe,
To rival more ſuperior charms?
Compar'd with thoſe, the diamond's dull,
Lawns, ſatins, and the velvets fade;
The ſoul with her attractions full,
Can never be by theſe betray'd.

Sapphira, all o'er native ſweets,
Not the falſe glare of dreſs regards,
Her wit, her character completes,
Her ſmile her lovers ſighs rewards.

When ſuch firſt beauties lead the way,
Th' inferior rank will follow ſoon;
Then arts, no longer ſhall decay,
But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces ſhall be wove,
And flax that on the valleys blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love
And bleſs the labours of our looms:
We have enough, nor want from them,
But trifles hardly worth our care,
Yet for theſe trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to ſpare.

How happy's Scotland in her fair!
Her amiable daughters ſhall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recall:
Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miſs a court; but ſoon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the ſcenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity ſhall yield to ſenſe,
And lazy pride to uſeful arts,
When ſuch dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Bleſs'd guardians of our joys and wealth,
True fountains of delight and love,
Long bloom your charms, fix'd be your health,
Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

HARDYKNUTE.

A fragment of an old heroic ballad.

I.

STATELY ſtept he eaſt the wa,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy years he now had ſeen,
With ſcarce ſeven years of reſt.
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae:
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt,
He was their deadly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and towers a hight,
And guidly chambers fair to ſee,
Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
His dame fae pierleſs anes and fair,
For chaſte and beauty deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save Elenor the Queen.

III.

Full thirteen ſons to him ſhe bare,
All men of valour ſtout:
In bluidy fight, with ſword in hand,
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their might,
And hie was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and deir,
Her girdle ſhawd her middle jimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
What waefou wae her bewtie bred?
Waefou to young and auld,
Waefou I trou to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

V.

The king of Norſe in ſummer-tide,
Puſt up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the iſle,
With mony a hardy knight:
The tidings to our gude Scots King
Came as he ſat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the blude-red wyne.

VI.

"To horſe, to horſe, my royal liege,
Your faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
The king of Norſe commands."
Bring me my ſteed, Madge, dapple gray,
Our gude king raiſe and cry'd;
A truſtier beaſt in all the land
A Scots king never ſey'd.

VII.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill ſo hie,
To draw his ſword the dreid of faes,
And haſte and follow me.

The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſter's arm,
Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And redd your king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
He has tane a horn as green as graſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
That trees in greenwood ſhook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie,
Had paſt the ſummer's morn,
When lo! down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
That horn, quoth they, *ne'er ſounds in peace,*
We have other ſport to byde;
And ſoon they hey'd them up the hill,
And ſoon were at his ſyde.

X.

Late, late yeſtreen I weind in peace,
To end my lengthened life,
My age might weill excuſe my arm,
Frae manly feats of ſtrife;
But now that Norſe does proudly boaſt
Fair Scotland to enthrall,
It's ne'er be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

Robin of Rothſay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrow ſhoot ſo leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They have turn'd to deidly pale:
Brade Thomas, tak ye but your lance,
Ye neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ye fight weit as ye did anes
'Gainſt Weſtmorland's fierce heir.

XII.

Malcom, light of foot as ſtag
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſands three of men
Well bred to ſword and ſhield:
Bring me my horſe and harniſine,
My blade of metal cleir.
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſoon had fled for fear.

XIII.

Fareweil, my dame, ſae pierleſs good,
And took her by the hand,
Fairer to me in age you ſeem,
Than maids for beauty fam'd:
My youngeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips
Sae faſt your painted bowirs.

XIV.

And firſt ſhe wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Hir ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Weil plet with ſilver ſheen;

And apron ſet with mony a dyce
Of needle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may gueſs,
Save that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacherous falſe Gyles;
Witleſs I was that e'er gave faith
To wicked woman's ſmyles.

XVI.

Sir Knight, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Wha neir kend deidly hate;
Hirſelf wald watch ye all the day,
Her maids a deid of nicht;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As ſhe ſtands in your ſight.

XVII.

Arife, young knight, and mount your ſteid,
Full lowns the ſtynand day,
Chuſe frae my menzie whom ye pleaſe
To lead ye on the way.
With ſmyleſs look and viſage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,
Kind chiftain, your intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſoon beneath ſome drapping trie,
Cauld death ſall end my care.
With him nae pleading might prevail,
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With faireſt words and reaſon ſtrang,
Strave courteouſly in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord Chattan's land ſae wyde,
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage ſey'd:
Of Pictiſh race by mother's ſyde,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely mai
When he ſav'd Pictiſh crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and ſtalwart train,
He reach'd a riſing height,
Whair braid encampit on the dale,
Norſe army lay in ſight;
Yonder, my valiant ſons and feirs,
Our raging ravers wait
On the unconquer'd Scottiſh ſwaird,
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

Mak oriſons to him that ſav'd
Our ſauls upon the rude,
Syne bravely ſhaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude.

Then furth he drew his truſty glaive,
While thouſands all around,
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanc'd in the ſun,
And loud the bougils ſound.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
In haſte his march he made,
Whyle, playand pibrochs minſtralls meit,
Afore him ſtately ſtrade.
Thryſe welcome valiant ſtoup of weir,
Thy nation's ſhield and pryde;
Thy king nae reaſon has to feir
When thou art by his ſyde.

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcarce cou'd they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
With little ſkaith to man,
But bluddy, bluddy was the field,
Or that lang day was dane.

XXIV.

The king of Scots that ſindle bruik'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeim't but delay:
Quoth noble Rothſay, *Myne I'll keip,*
I wate its bled a ſcore.
Haſte up, my merry men, cry'd the king,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of Norſe he ſought to find,
With him to menſe the fight,
But on his forehead there did light
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefou chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midſt between his een.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothſay's heir,
Your mail-coat ſall nocht byde
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart;
Then ſent it through his ſyde:
Another arrow weil he mark'd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
He laigh as eard did fa.

XXVII.

Sair blieds my liege, ſair, ſair he blieds.
Again with might he drew
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow,
Faſt the braid arrow flew.
Wae to the knight he ettled at,
Lament now, Quene Elgried;
Hie dames too wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his coſtly jupe:
(Of gold weil was it twin'd,
Knit lyke the fowler's net, through which
His ſteilly harneſs ſhyn'd):

Take, Norſe, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon feirs.

XXIX.

Proud Norſe, with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulders and arms ſtrong,
Cry'd, *Where is Hardyknute ſae fam'd,*
And feir'd at Britain's throne?
The Britons tremble at his name,
I ſoon ſhall make him wail
That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail.

XXX.

That brag his ſtout heart could na byde,
It lent him youthful might:
I'm Hardyknute this day, he cry'd,
To Scotland's king I height,
To lay thee law as horſes hufe,
My word I mean to keip;
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He garr'd his body bleid.

XXXI.

Norſe een lyke gray goſehawks ſtair'd wyld,
He ſight with ſhame and ſpyte;
Diſgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to ſtrike:
Then gave his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him doun to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies us'd
In courtly gyſe to lout.

XXXII.

Full ſoon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd fair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norſe ferliet too as fair as he
To ſee his ſtately look,
Sae ſoon as eir he ſtrake a fae,
Sae ſoon his lyfe he took.

XXXIII.

Whair lyke a fyre to heather ſet,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A ſturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurr'd his ſteid through thickeſt rank,
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha ſtood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repell.

XXXIV.

That ſhort brown ſhaft ſae meanly trimm'd
Looks lyke poor Scotland's geir,
But dreidful ſeims the ruſty poynt!
And loud he leugh in jeir.
Aft Briton's blude has dimm'd its ſhyne,
This poynt cut ſhort their vaunt;
Syne pierc'd the boaſter's bairded cheik,
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his ſaddle ſwang,
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:

Swith on the hardned clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud,
But Thomas look'd not as he lay
All walt'ring in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles geſture, mynd unmov'd,
On raid he north the plain,
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryfe,
When winner ay the ſame:
Nor yet his heart dames dipeik,
Coud meiſe ſaft love to bruik,
Till vengeful Ann return'd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his look.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wailowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corpſe of warriors lay,
Neir to aryſe again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythſome ſounds,
To boaſt the glories of the day,
And ſhaw their ſhyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norway's coaſt the widow'd dame
May waſh the rocks with teirs.
May lang look owre the ſhiples ſeis,
Before hir mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, Emma, ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valiant Scots nae *revers* thole
To carry life away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie whair ſtands a croſs,
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full fierce that ſummer's day
Fill'd keen waris black intent.
Let Scots, while Scots, praiſe Hardyknute;
Let Norſe the name ay dreid;
Ay how he faught, aft how he ſpaird,
Sal lateſt ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir,
Mirk grew the night eir Hardyknute
Wan neir his ſtately tower;
His tower that us'd with torches bleiſe,
To ſhine ſae far at night,
Seim'd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae mervel ſair he feight.

XLI.

There's nae light in my lady's bowir,
There's nae light in my hall;
Nae blynk ſhynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor Warp ſtands on my wall.
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas ſay.
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my ſons, I'll be your gyde,
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

XLII.

As faſt as I haef ſped owre Scotland's faes,
Their ceiſt his brag of weir,
Seir ſham'd to mynd ought but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair,

Black fear he felt, but what to fear,
He wiſt not yet with dreid;
Sair ſhook his body, ſair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

* * * * * *

The Braes of YARROW.

BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winſome marrow?
I got her where I durſt not well be ſeen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winſome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does ſhe weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does ſhe weep, thy winſome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair well be ſeen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

Lang muſt ſhe weep, lang muſt ſhe, muſt ſhe weep,
Lang muſt ſhe weep with dole and ſorrow,
And lang muſt I nae mair well be ſeen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For ſhe has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cauſe of ſorrow;
And I have ſlain the comelieſt ſwain
That ever pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy ſtream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of ſorrow,
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What's yonder floats? O dole and ſorrow!
O 'tis the comely ſwain I ſlew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Waſh, O waſh his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and ſorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye ſiſters, ſiſters ſad,
Ye ſiſters ſad, his tomb with ſorrow,
And weep around in woful wiſe,
His helpleſs fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curſe ye, curſe ye his uſeleſs, uſeleſs ſhield,
My arm that wrought the deed of ſorrow,
The fatal ſpear that pierc'd his breaſt,
His comely breaſt on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight, but to my ſorrow,
Too raſhly bold, a ſtronger arm
Thou mett'ſt, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet ſmells the birk, green grows, green grows the
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan, [graſs,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow ſweet, as ſweet, as ſweet flows Tweed,
As green its graſs, its gowan as yellow,
As ſweet ſmells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didſt him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Buſk ye, then buſk, my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye, then buſk, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, and loe me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I buſk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I buſk a winſome marrow,
How loe him on the banks of Tweed,
That ſlew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender bloſſoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple veſt, 'twas my awn ſewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in theſe to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white ſteed,
Unheedful of my dole and ſorrow,
But ere the toofal of the night,
He lay a corpſe on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that woful, woful day,
I ſung, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the ſpear was flown
That ſlew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purſue me?
My lover's blood is on thy ſpear;
How canſt thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy ſiſters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle ſcoffing,
May bid me ſeek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nail'd in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And ſtrive with threat'ning words to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy ſpear;
How canſt thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal ſheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected huſband lover.

But who the expected huſband, huſband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in ſlaughter.
Ah me! what ghaſtly ſpectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale ſhroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff theſe bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet beſt, yet beſt belov'd,
O could my warmth to life reſtore thee;
Yet ly all night between my breaſts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive ſo foul a ſlaughter,
And ly all night between my breaſts,
No youth ſhall ever ly thereafter.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy uſeleſs ſorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy ſighs,
He lies a corpſe on the braes of Yarrow.

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